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THE POLITICAL SITUATION

WILSON AGAINST THE FIELD

A VOTE FOR TAFT IS A VOTE FOR SHERMAN—A VOTE FOR ROOSEVELT IS A VOTE FOR SHERMAN

BY THE EDITOR

THE nominal candidates for President of the United States are Woodrow Wilson, William H. Taft, and Theodore Roosevelt; the real candidates are Woodrow Wilson and James S. Sherman, with a remote possibility of Philander C. Knox becoming acting President pending a new election in 1913.

This is the only conclusion deducible from a discerning analysis of the unprecedented political situation which has developed as the consequence of the formation of a third party under aggressive and popular leadership. History affords but two parallels of the present condition. In 1860 the Democratic party broke in twain, two candidates—Douglas and Breckinridge—were nominated, and the Republican nominee, Abraham Lincoln, was elected. It is this outcome of party disruption which induces the quite common opinion that Democratic success in the forthcoming elections is virtually assured. The other similar instance, quite as striking in some respects as a counterpart, is that of 1824.

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William H. Crawford obtained the nomination from the Congressional caucus and became the regular Republican candidate, but the caucus system had become so odious in the minds of the people that John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay did not hesitate to enter the lists in opposition. Andrew Jackson, as the Democratic candidate, waged the contest against the field and obtained a plurality, but not a majority, of both electoral and popular votes; whereupon the election of a President devolved upon the House of Representatives, and Adams was chosen. It is this example which impels consideration of a contingency which may arise from the circumstances now existing.

Certain phases of the parallel are obvious. (1) The sole ascribed cause of the disruption of the Republican party is popular revolt against the convention system as practised, in full conformity with precedent, in Chicago. (2) Party labels, which signified little or nothing in 1824, are less clearly defined now than at any time during the past half-century. Mr. Taft solicits the support of Democrats, as well as of Republicans, with peculiar earnestness; Mr. Wilson emphasizes his appeal to the whole people by ignoring to a marked degree his party platform and party machinery; and Mr. Roosevelt offers all forms of bait to all kinds of rag-tag-and-bobtail. Their true appellations are clearly: Taft, Conservative; Wilson, Liberal; Roosevelt, Radical. (3) The contest has already narrowed, as in 1824, to the Democrat against the field. Now, as then, he is practically assured a plurality of votes in the Electoral College; and now, as then, his defeat can be accomplished only by withholding from him an actual majority over all, thus again imposing the election of a President upon the House of Representatives.

The instinctive assumption is that this result could be achieved only through co-operation of the constituent elements of the opposition and that such co-operation cannot be compassed because of bitter antagonism of the one to the other. But may not this be the dictum of instinct rather than of reason? To weigh accurately the powers of variant influences one must first determine whether or not they have a source so nearly common as to render consolidation of efforts practicable, and so, perhaps, doubly or trebly effective. What, then, is the true situation in this special and notably vital instance?

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I.—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

The Republican party is still a living demonstration of the power of concentration exercised through a compact organism. Idolatry of the individual has played well its part, notably in the cases of Lincoln, Blaine, and Roosevelt, for the reason that the concrete image is more readily visualized and possesses more cogent appeal to imaginations than the cause which is an abstraction. It is characteristic of democracies, no less than of armies and bodies of zealots, so far to submerge themselves in their leaders as to forget what they are fighting for.

But hero-worship as a force in maintaining the dominance of the Republican organization for half a century has always been secondary. The fanaticism of Stevens was more potent than the personality of Lincoln, and the materialism of Hanna completely overshadowed the benignity of McKinley. Even Roosevelt recognized and utilized to the utmost the powers of conservative Finance and excessive Protection in achieving his own election to the Presidency. But for the spirit of revolt engendered throughout the West by prosperity itself, in hardly less degree than by dissatisfaction with disproportionate rewards of Eastern capital, the Republican oligarchy of the Senate which controlled the government even through two Democratic administrations, and which in turn acknowledged responsibility to the sustaining elements of the party, would be the dominant factor to-day.

Millions of dollars were expended in connection with the Republican primaries in the interest of both Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt. This internal warfare was waged with the bitterness of the proverbial family quarrel, but the influences exerted on behalf of each had a common source in differing groups which constitute a single class, whose authority continues to be paramount in the Republican party.

The common ascription of purely selfish motives to the men who comprise this essential component of the body politic is grossly unjust. They are the builders of America as a commercial nation; recognizing the need of unified action in trade competition with other aggressive peoples, they demand from their government facilities of operation abroad equal to those possessed by their rivals, and they hold with reason that success in such enterprises inures to the benefit of all; appreciating the power of available means, they give their minds and risk their money in vigorous en-

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deavors to develop and strengthen resources; they strive assiduously to cultivate common prosperity; to the full extent of their ability they ameliorate conditions which make for depression and stifle courage; they seek the co-operation of all in what they firmly believe to be the interest of all; they are trustees of billions of dollars invested upon their recommendation by millions of people; they instinctively put a high value upon stability in both law and practice; they consider that great services merit great rewards; abroad, they are rightfully regarded as bold Americans; at home, they mean to be and believe themselves to be patriotic citizens.

The attitude of these strong men with respect to public affairs is neither small nor mean; it is big and broad and, in the main, honest and sincere. They respect intelligence such as Woodrow Wilson's and welcome its entrance into places of high authority. But they cannot ignore the fundamental fact that their theory is not his theory; too often has he declared confidence in the actual ability of all the people to manage all of their own affairs to be the cardinal tenet of his faith; too insistently, in and out of season, has he emphasized his detestation of the arrogation by a few of a tacit right, grounded in assumed superiority, to guide the many; and too resolute have been his acts to leave a question of the positiveness of his purpose. Even so, it is not Wilson the individual whose elevation to the Presidency is viewed with the gravest apprehension; it is the restoral to full power of the Democratic party, whose very name is held to be synonymous with inchoateness and incapacity. The belief is ingrained in the very bones of these men who have thriven themselves and seen the whole country thrive so marvelously under Republican administrations that the old party of Jackson is not and cannot be made fit to govern. Is it beyond the pale of probability, then, that efforts will be consolidated and concentrated to the limit of efficiency to avert what many regard as a calamity greater even than the accession of Roosevelt?

Granting that the feud of Roosevelt and Taft, though hardly more bitter than the rivalries of Clay and Adams and Crawford, has become so acrid that a definite defensive arrangement, such as would involve a tacit division of territory, is impracticable, there still remains a twofold hypothesis whose mutual recognition might readily tend to

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the co-operative endeavor indicated. Assume, as we shall attempt presently to demonstrate, that neither Taft nor Roosevelt can be elected under present conditions and that the affiliated groups which comprise the most powerful adherents of both become convinced of the reliability of this conclusion. Clearly, then, their one determinate purpose would be to defeat Wilson and withhold political authority from the Democratic party by securing for Taft and Roosevelt combined 266 or more votes in the Electoral College. The practically certain effect of this accomplishment would be the installation of James S. Sherman as President for a period of four years, as a consequence of the unprecedented condition which now maintains in the House of Representatives—a consummation greatly to be desired, for reasons above set forth, by those engaged in the common undertaking. The procedure is clearly defined.

II.—SHERMAN OR KNOX (AD INTERIM)

The twelfth amendment to the Constitution, after prescribing that he who receives the greatest number of votes in the Electoral College "shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed," reads as follows:

". . . and if no person have such majority, then *from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three,* on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President the vote shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice-President shall be the Vice-President if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then *from the two highest numbers on the list* the Senate shall choose the Vice-President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice."

Under the Electoral Count Act of the Forty-ninth Congress the electors will meet in their various States and give their votes on the second Monday of January, and Congress, in joint session, will count the ballots on the second Wednesday in February.

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In the event of Wilson and Marshall then failing to obtain 266 electoral votes, there is no provision in the Constitution or statutes preventing the opposition electors, who would constitute a majority, from uniting upon and electing either Taft, Roosevelt, or a third person. The likelihood of their reaching such an agreement must be regarded, however, under the circumstances, as negligible.

The duty would then devolve upon the House of Representatives to "choose immediately by ballot the President," each State having one vote and choice being restricted to Wilson, Taft, and Roosevelt. The vote, as the House is now divided politically, would be as follows:

WILSON	OPPOSITION	EVENLY DIVIDED
Alabama.	California	Maine.
Arizona.	Connecticut.	Nebraska.
Arkansas.	Delaware.	New Mexico.
Colorado.	Idaho.	Rhode Island.
Florida.	Illinois.	Total—4.
Georgia.	Iowa.	
Indiana.	Kansas.	
Kentucky.	Massachusetts.	
Louisiana.	Michigan.	
Maryland.	Minnesota.	
Mississippi.	Montana.	
Missouri.	Nevada.	
New Jersey.	New Hampshire.	
New York.	North Dakota.	
North Carolina.	Oregon.	
Ohio.	Pennsylvania.	
Oklahoma.	South Dakota.	
South Carolina.	Utah.	
Tennessee.	Vermont.	
Texas.	Washington.	
Virginia.	Wisconsin.	
West Virginia.	Wyoming.	
Total—22.	Total—22.	

Obviously neither Taft nor Roosevelt could obtain a clear majority, but it would make no difference how the "opposition" vote were divided so long as none of the Republican delegations comprising it broke from its party allegiance. Wilson would have to gain the votes of three States in order to obtain the requisite twenty-five—a practical impossibilty. The House, then, would be unable to elect a President.

Meanwhile the Senate, acting under the same provision of the Constitution, would be engaged in choosing a Vice-President, since Marshall necessarily would have failed to obtain a majority in the Electoral College, in common with Wilson. Choice would be restricted to the two persons who had received the largest number of electoral votes—Marshall

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surely and Sherman probably—and the Senators would vote individually instead of by States, as in the House of Representatives. Forty-nine votes would be required to elect. The Senate is now classified politically as follows: Republicans, 50; Democrats, 44; vacancies, 2. The vacancies will be filled presumably by the legislatures of Colorado and Illinois in January. Apparently, therefore, the Republicans would have surely one and possibly three more than the 49 required for the election of a Vice-President, who would become President on the 4th of March. This seems to mean that, in the event of Wilson failing to obtain 266 electoral votes, Sherman would succeed Taft.

But here enters another factor. The Republican majority in the Senate is not only scant, but also nominal rather than actual. Premising that both Illinois and Colorado return Republicans, the total Republican vote would be 52. If for any reason four of these Senators should abstain from voting, the Senate would be unable to elect a Vice-President. Now it is quite conceivable that Roosevelt might consider it advisable to prevent the election of Sherman. If so, it would be most surprising if four out of the so-called Insurgent Senators—Dixon, Clapp, Bourne, Works, Borah, Poindexter, and the two new Senators from Colorado and Illinois—should refuse to act in conformity with his wishes, especially in view of the position which Sherman holds in their estimation as a pronounced reactionary. Precedent for their refraining from voting is found in the abstention of the Vermont and Maryland Federalist members of the House, whose refusal to vote gave the Presidency to Jefferson in 1800.

But the question arises immediately: What, aside from their disapproval of Sherman, could be the motive of Roosevelt and his adherents in preventing the election of a Vice-President under circumstances which would constitute him President for four years? A possible answer is to be found in the law of Succession (Chapter IV. of the acts of the Forty-ninth Congress), which provides that:

"In case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice-President, then the Secretary of State *shall act as President* until the disability of the President or Vice-President is removed or *until a President is elected.* . . . The acting President must, upon taking office, convene Congress, if not at the time in session, in extraordinary session, giving twenty days' notice."

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This statute was enacted by authority of Article II., Section 6, of the Constitution, which confers upon Congress the power of "declaring what officer *shall then act as President* . . . until the disability be removed or *a President shall be elected.*" The plain intent of both Constitution and statute is that "such officer" shall only *act* as President until a President can be elected, and the mandatory provision requiring him to convene Congress forthwith is obviously for the purpose of enabling Congress to call a special election under authority conferred by Article II., Section 4.

In the event, then, of the House of Representatives failing to elect a President and the Senate failing to elect a Vice-President, the procedure would be as follows: President Taft's fixed term of office would expire at midnight of March 3d and the Secretary of State, Mr. Knox, whose official life is indeterminate, would become acting President. As such, he would be obliged to convene Congress in extraordinary session on the 24th of March, and Congress would "determine the time of choosing the electors"—certainly not later than November of the forthcoming year. In this manner Mr. Roosevelt and his new party would have a second opportunity to win the Presidency within a twelvemonth, greatly, no doubt, to the satisfaction of both.

But one contingency, in fact, can be conceived that might reverse this mode of procedure. It is possible, of course, that Roosevelt and Johnson may receive a larger vote in the Electoral College than Taft and Sherman. In that case, the Senate's choice of a Vice-President would be restricted to Marshall and Johnson, "the two highest on the list." What Roosevelt's attitude would be in that improbable circumstance can only be imagined, but it need not be considered, for the reason that the power of installing Johnson or Knox as President would then be vested in any four regular Republican Senators, who might conjointly refrain from voting.

III.—WILSON AGAINST THE FIELD

There remains the vital question: Is it within the range of possibility that any combination, either tacit or fixed, can withhold from Wilson and Marshall, whose plurality is virtually assured, an actual majority of votes in the Electoral College? Let us see.

The Congressional elections of 1910 were reckoned as a great Democratic victory. If the various States should vote

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for President this year as they then voted for Representatives the result in the Electoral College would be as follows:

DEMOCRATIC

For Wilson

Alabama	12
Arizona	3
Arkansas	9
Colorado	6
Florida	6
Georgia	14
Indiana	15
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	10
Maryland	8
Mississippi	10
Missouri	18
New Jersey	14
New York	45
North Carolina	12
Ohio	24
Oklahoma	10
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	12
Texas	20
Virginia	12
West Virginia	8
Total	290

OPPOSITION

(Ascribing to each of the opposing candidates the votes of the States in which he would seem to be the stronger.)

For Taft		*For Roosevelt*	
Connecticut	7	California	13
Delaware	3	Idaho	4
Illinois	29	Kansas	10
Iowa	13	Montana	4
Massachusetts	18	Nevada	3
Michigan	15	North Dakota	5
Minnesota	12	Oregon	5
New Hampshire	4	South Dakota	5
Pennsylvania	38	Utah	4
Vermont	4	Washington	7
Wisconsin	13	Wyoming	3
Total	156	Total	63

DIVIDED

Maine	6
Nebraska	8
New Mexico	3
Rhode Island	5
Total	22

SUMMARY

Wilson	290
Taft	156
Roosevelt	63
Divided	22
Total	531
Necessary to a choice	266

Assigning Maine and Rhode Island, which gave Taft pluralities, respectively, of 30,584 and 19,236 in 1908, and have never gone Democratic in a Presidential year, to Taft, New Mexico to Roosevelt, and Nebraska, as a consequence of Mr. Bryan's most earnest insistence, to Wilson, the Electoral College would be divided as follows:

Wilson and Marshall		298
Taft and Sherman	167	
Roosevelt and Johnson	66	
Combined opposition		233
Wilson and Marshall majority		65

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Without assuming that the voting in November will follow closely the lines indicated, we nevertheless find in these actual results of 1910 the best basis obtainable for intelligent speculation. Certain deductions, for example, seem fully warranted, to wit:

1. *Roosevelt cannot be elected.*

He may expect with reason to obtain the 66 votes allotted to him in the above table. Give to him from the Taft column: Illinois, 29; Pennsylvania, 38; Wisconsin, 13, Michigan, 15; Massachusetts, 18; and Delaware, 3—a total, with the original 66, of 182. Add from the Wilson column: Arizona, 3; Colorado, 6; New York, 45; North Carolina, 12; Oklahoma, 10—total, 76; grand total, 258, or 8 less than the requisite number. The wildest imagining cannot accord Roosevelt a majority.

2. *Taft cannot win.*

Allot to him 167, as recorded above, including the doubtful 54 from Illinois, Minnesota, and Wisconsin; from the Roosevelt column: Utah, 4; from Wilson: Maryland, 8; New York, 45; Ohio, 24; West Virginia, 8—total, 256, or 10 less than a majority. This must be regarded as the topmost of Mr. Taft's possibilities.

3. *Can Wilson obtain a clear majority over the combined votes for Taft and Roosevelt?*

That is the vital question. Consider first the general situation. It is a common assumption that the candidacy of Roosevelt will serve only to divide the Republican vote and so clear the way for an easy Democratic victory, but the facts do not justify the conclusion. If Taft alone were running, it is a virtual certainty that at least 50 of the votes allotted above to Roosevelt would go to Wilson, who then could even lose New York and yet win easily. That Wilson can withhold any of the 66 Far West votes from the ultra-radical, anti-Chinese, pro-Mormon candidate must be reckoned extremely doubtful, in view of the poor showing he made against Clark in the primaries of those States. On the contrary, Roosevelt is rather more than likely to carry Colorado. As against Taft alone, moreover, there would be no question whatever respecting the South. With Roosevelt aggressively in the field, North Carolina and Tennessee surely will require attention, and the strong Protection sentiment of Georgia, Louisiana, and Alabama cannot be

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wholly ignored with prudence. Disregarding these pretensions, however, and allowing only for the probable success of Roosevelt in Colorado and the possible success of Taft in his native State and protection-loving West Virginia, which gave him a majority of 26,000 in 1908, there would remain in the Wilson column, including New York, 260 votes, or 6 less than the requisite number. Setting New York aside as possibly doubtful, the total which may be regarded as absolutely secure becomes 215.

The Taft column is yet to be considered. Here it is supposed and is probable that Roosevelt's incursion will inure to the advantage of Wilson. In the mid-West group Taft's pluralities in 1908 were as follows: In Illinois, 179,000; in Michigan, 159,000; in Wisconsin, 81,000; in Minnesota, 86,000; in Iowa, 74,000; in Ohio, 69,000. If Roosevelt should take two-fifths of the Republican vote from Taft and one-fifth of the Democratic vote from Wilson, Taft would still have approximately 60,000 majority in Michigan, 30,000 in Minnesota, 10,000 in Illinois, 15,000 in Wisconsin, and 5,000 in Iowa, but Wilson would carry Ohio by nearly 60,000. The comparative weakness of Wilson in Michigan, Illinois, and Iowa, indicated by Clark's easy victories at the primaries, affords little hope of Democratic success in those States. In Minnesota, however, Wilson has a large personal following which may constitute a determining factor; in Wisconsin his chance must be considered excellent in view of La Follette's bitter antagonism to both Taft and Roosevelt; and it seems possible, though hardly more, that Ohio may for the first time repudiate a native son at the polls. To place full reliance upon any of these States swinging to the Democratic column would be extremely hazardous.

The Eastern manufacturing group — eliminating New Jersey for obvious reasons—comprises New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Again, assuming that Roosevelt draws two-fifths of the Republican vote away from Taft and one-fifth of the Democratic vote from Wilson, Taft would have approximately 90,000 majority in Pennsylvania, 35,000 in Massachusetts, 12,000 in Connecticut, and 7,000 in Rhode Island, and Wilson would carry New York by a scant 12,000. Apparently Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island may be dismissed from consideration, and Connecticut be classified, for reasons of proximity, with New York.

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From the Wilson column of 290, representing the actual Democratic standing in the present House of Representatives, we have deducted 83 (New York, 45; Ohio, 24; Colorado, 6; and West Virginia, 8) and have added 8 (Nebraska), leaving a net secure total of 215 out of the 266 required. The 51 additional votes must be obtained from New York and Connecticut (52) or from the mid-West, which cannot meet the requirement with 24 from Ohio, 12 from Minnesota, and 13 from Wisconsin without the aid of Illinois.

Apparently it is a fact that the two pivotal States—both, possibly, and one or the other in any case—are New York and Illinois. If so, it is a fact of the first magnitude.

IV.—NEW YORK AND ILLINOIS

Owing largely to the fact that these two great States contain the two largest cities in the country, voting by groups is a more important factor than in other commonwealths. These groups may be classified roughly as follows:

Organization men.	Railroad men.	Business men.
Anti-Prohibitionists.	Roman Catholics.	Factory-workers.
Farmers.	Foreign-born.	Negroes.

While none of these aggregations ever votes as a positive unit, yet the influence of a certain community of interest is universally recognized. And it is idle to deny that the merest glance at the tabulation suffices to show that the strong appeal of Governor Wilson to the whole people, without heed to segregated interests and prejudices, while constituting his chief strength as a candidate, nevertheless contains elements of no little weakness. The two strongest political "machines" in the country are those of New York City and Chicago. Both opposed Mr. Wilson's nomination and both view with lively apprehension the prospect of his election. The thoroughness with which he demolished a like organization in his own State, no less than his avowed detestation of hidden control of public servants as exemplified by boss rule generally, conveys an object-lesson of menacing significance. The "regularity" of a machine may always be assumed, since its own source of power lies in the maintenance of that policy; but variants are as numerous as excuses are ever ready. Political observers have not yet forgotten that the Republican managers were only too willing to lose a Governor to gain a President in 1888, that Hill was elected and Cleveland defeated, and that to this

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day no adequate explanation of the outcome has been forthcoming. It is probably no more than an odd coincidence that the new electoral law in New York, providing for separate ballots, renders the transference of large numbers of votes *en bloc* comparatively easy, but the very practical incident must not be overlooked that Tammany Hall draws far more sustenance from a Democratic Governor than it could ever hope to win from even a sympathetic Democratic President.

Despite the fact that it was their vote that elected Cleveland, the natural affiliation of business men has been with the Republican party since it was organized. Governor Wilson did much, in his speech of acceptance, to allay their usual apprehension of further disturbance in the event of Democratic success, but the effect of his words was only palliative as contrasted with the positive encouragement imparted by Mr. Taft's strongly conservative utterance. An impressive demonstration, such as that in New York City, which exercised a potent influence for Cleveland in the last days of the campaign of 1884, is hardly conceivable in the present year. Other considerations being equal, few accessions to the Democratic cause from this influential group can be reasonably anticipated.

The like may be said of the hundreds of thousands of railway-workers who are beginning to feel that their interests are identical with those of the shareholders, and that attacks upon corporations, still associated in their minds with Democratic policy, must tend necessarily to retard the wage increases to which they consider they are entitled.

The negro vote may be disregarded; it is a fixed Republican asset and not susceptible to change.

The anti-Prohibitionists — *i. e.*, the rich and powerful "liquor" and brewing interests, the great body of saloonkeepers most active in politics and the advocates of personal liberty, are traditionally inclined to the Democratic party, but it is an undeniable fact that, for no discoverable reason, they regard Governor Wilson as "narrow" and consequently inimical. For Mr. Taft, on the other hand, they have invariably manifested peculiar friendliness, as notably in 1908, when they gave a practically undivided support to Taft and Harmon in Ohio, to Taft and Marshall in Indiana, and to Taft and Herrick in New York, thus helping materially to carry all three States for the Republican candidate for President, while actually electing two Democratic Gov-

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ernors and reducing Hughes's plurality in New York to 65,000 as against 202,000 for Taft.

So far it is difficult to see how the group-voting in these States can fail to inure to the advantage of Taft.

Among the farmers, however, there can be no doubt that the President's identification with reciprocity will alienate thousands of normally Republican voters. His almost paralyzing defeat at the primaries in Illinois, his amazing weakness in the agricultural sections of Pennsylvania, the loss even of a district in hide-bound Vermont, must be attributed largely to this cause. The significant fact also will be recalled that Senator Root withstood with great difficulty the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him by the farmers of New York. Ordinarily the opposition would profit greatly from such a circumstance, but it happens that the Democratic position and record are identical with Mr. Taft's, and the farmers have been led to believe that Mr. Wilson favors yet freer trade; hence the likelihood that the turncoat Roosevelt may succeed in crystallizing the anti-reciprocity sentiment in his own favor.

It is an unfortunate circumstance from a Democratic viewpoint that the foreign-born voters, chiefly native Italians, Poles, and Hungarians, are compacted so closely in the cities of New York and Chicago. There the Hearst newspapers, printed in various languages, had their fullest sway and appealed most strongly to racial prejudices prior to the Baltimore convention. Attempts since made to convince these tens of thousands of naturalized citizens that the quotations from Mr. Wilson's historical writings were gross perversions of his real belief and sentiment have availed little. It is with the greatest difficulty, under the most favorable conditions, that an *idée fixe* can be dislodged from minds accustomed to grasp but a single thought of direct personal bearing, and the effort becomes well-nigh hopeless when, as in this case, the promoters of the prejudice, despite their friendly professions, studiously refrain from counteracting the effect of their own doings. There can be no doubt that this considerable vote is lost to Wilson at this writing, and probably irretrievably.

It is a simple statement of fact that Mr. Taft holds a high place in the esteem of Roman Catholics. His generous adjustment of the Friars' land difficulties in the Philippines and his appointment of Mr. Justice White to be Chief Justice

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have been but two of many evidences to their minds of his religious tolerance. Probably no President has held in so high degree the respect and gratitude of both priest and parishioner. It is but natural that this exceptional regard should find some manifestation at the polls. While the Church, as such, scrupulously refrains from participation in political affairs, its members, nevertheless, are notably sensitive and, in part, suspicious. There is no sign in anything ever said or written by Governor Wilson of bigotry or religious prejudice, but rumors to that effect circulated assiduously by his detractors have proven difficult to trace and counteract. The mere fact that he is a Presbyterian is to some *prima facie* evidence of narrowness. This circumstance of itself might, perhaps, be brushed aside as of little moment, but taken in conjunction with correlative incidents it is not to be ignored. A prime issue, for example, in Illinois is the demand made by the Knights of Columbus in convention assembled at Dixon on May 11th of the present year that "steps be taken to secure legislation through which the Catholic parochial schools would get a share of the taxes set aside for education." The contention, though old and generally discredited, seems to have taken on new life in consequence of the success of an attempt to remove the Bible from the public schools; and the election of the Democratic candidate for Governor, a leading Roman Catholic and Knight of Columbus, is regarded as of first importance. No surprise need be felt if it be found, on the morning after election, that a very considerable number of votes have been cast in Illinois for Taft for President and for Dunne for Governor.

There remain the great bodies of working-men in both New York and Illinois who comprise a large percentage of the Democratic party. To whom will they turn? Mr. Taft offers them the Constitution. Mr. Wilson points to his record of official achievement as evidence of his effective friendship. Neither, it must be told in truth, said in his speech of acceptance one convincing word of sympathy with the toiling masses. Roosevelt not only professes, but promises everything. He will work to raise their wages; he will reduce their hours of toil; he will pension them in old age; he will insure their lives; he will lift the burdens and lighten the homes of their women; he will protect and safeguard their children.

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Do these millions of men believe he can or will do all of these things? Probably not. But he says that he will try. Does any one else? Where else have they to go? And why believe that he could not and would not? If Lloyd George can and does, why cannot and why will not Roosevelt? Grant that he may be a demagogue, a hypocrite, and a false friend, what of it? He is at least a concrete image; he speaks their language; he shakes their hands; he is neither a theory of government for which they do not care nor an abstraction which they do not wish to comprehend; he is one of themselves—a live, human, imperfect being whom they can understand. Such is the Roosevelt appeal.

All men are born selfish. We Americans rightly glory in our fervid patriotism and our personal disinterestedness, but we have not yet become so sanctified as to refrain from voting for ourselves. So it will be in November. The farmer will vote for the farmer, the banker for the banker, the producer for the producer, the consumer for the consumer, the capitalist for his hoard, the toiler for his wage. Let us not suffer the delusion that, in the twinkling of an eye, obdurate human nature has been engulfed by a tidal wave of divine magnanimity. And when we are brought to confront a situation which may be full of peril let us face the facts as best befits those who would set the humble abode of Wisdom above the paradise of Folly.

V.—CONCLUSION

It should be needless to say that this article is purely expository. While frankly depicting the political condition as of the present writing, we have espoused no cause and advocated no candidacy either directly or by inference. The performance of that duty, in the light of fuller information, is reserved for the forthcoming number of this REVIEW. Meanwhile the actual situation now existing, as outlined above, resolves to this:

Wilson will probably be elected. If he carries New York he cannot be beaten.

Neither Taft nor Roosevelt can win.

A vote for Taft is a vote for Sherman.

A vote for Roosevelt is a vote for Sherman.

A vote for Wilson is A VOTE FOR WILSON.

THE EDITOR.

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SOCIALISM AND THE AMERICAN FARMER

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE Socialist platform of 1912, on which Mr. Eugene V. Debs stands as Presidential candidate, has very much to say of the American workingman, but little, wonderfully little, of the American farmer. Indeed, what comes closest to the farmer's heart and life in the platform is modestly squeezed into seven words; and I am constrained to believe that the would-be President Debs and Governor Russell and their associates devoutly pray that these seven words may pass unnoticed, or, at least, uncomprehended, by the American farmer, whom they most concern.

That the platform should speak chiefly of the workingman, that is, the factory-hand and the miner, is very intelligible; for this is the class from which the Socialist party draws its chief strength. A large proportion of this class, whether in the factory towns of New England or the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, is foreign-born, with almost no knowledge of English, with practically no understanding of this country, or of the real conditions of its life. Great numbers of these people have escaped from circumstances of extreme hardship and privation in the towns and villages of Central Europe or the border provinces of Russia, the country of the Pale. They have come with glittering hopes of a new promised land, believing that they will literally pick up gold in the streets of America.

They have brought with them also, to inflame their inevitable disappointment, the gospels of their people at home, the gospel of Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lasalle, Krapotkin and Bakunin, the revolutionary Socialism of Germany and Russia, with its spirit of hatred, of discord, of materialism, with its underlying motto: "the triumph of creation is destruction."

These people had very real grievances at home in Europe,

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the home which so many left with joy and gladness. They have very real sufferings and privations in America, to which they looked as a New Jerusalem, where trees should bear all manner of fruit every month of the year. One cannot but sympathize deeply and sincerely with them. One cannot but regret that they have sought to help themselves by such a hopeless road as Socialism. Socialism in this country has thus its strongest foothold among the new arrivals, in the East Sides and North Ends of the great cities, in the mines and factory towns. And it has its real driving power in their very natural and very righteous desire for higher wages, easier conditions of work, better and more comfortable homes.

But what is the position of the American farmer?

The Census of 1910, which reckons the population of the United States as, in round numbers, ninety-two millions, tells us that the urban population makes up some forty-two millions of these, while the rural population numbers about fifty millions: the backbone of the nation, as well as a majority of its people.

Excluding the snow-fields of Alaska, the acreage of this country is something under a billion and a half acres. Much of this is mountain-peak or desert, useless for agriculture. The area actually included in farms, according to the census of 1910, is 878,798,325 acres, as against 839,591,774 acres in 1900. This farm land is divided into over six million farms. The exact number is 6,361,502, as against 5,737,372 farms in 1900. And the average size of these six and a third million farms is 138 acres, as against 146 acres in 1900. The lesser figures mean that large plantations in the South and big ranches in the West, to which, in certain States, Indian lands are to be added, have been cut up into small lots and sold to American farmers.

For the great majority of these six and a third million farms are worked by their owners; the number of farms owned by landlords and worked by tenants, in the English fashion, is so small as to be practically negligible. Therefore, of the six and a third million farms, some five million farms are owned entirely or in part by their occupiers; and this enormous class of farmer-proprietors, the largest single class in the nation, forms the backbone of the American people: the backbone of the electorate, too, if it comes to that.

Each of these five million farms, thus owned by the farmer himself, is supplied with dwellings, farm-buildings, stock,

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agricultural implements, and so forth, averaging some two thousand dollars in value, in addition to the value of the land. It may fairly be assumed that each farmer's family averages six persons, not including hired help in this; so that we may count the land-owning class in this country as numbering thirty millions or over, a majority of the fifty millions which the census sets down as our rural population. These farmer-proprietors are capitalists, to an extent which we shall in a moment consider. They are also laborers, and, it should be added in parenthesis, their children form a very large part of the child-labor of our statistics. As far as these capitalist-laborers are concerned, therefore, it is perfectly evident that the supposed opposition between capital and labor, of which the Socialist platform makes so much, is mere nonsense. As well talk of them being divided by "class-consciousness" and "class-war."

The census figures show that, while the number of farms and their total acreage has increased, the average size has slightly decreased. But the amount of improved land has increased proportionately; for, while the average acreage of improved land on each farm was, in 1900, seventy-two acres, that average had risen, in 1910, to seventy-five acres. This gives us, as the type and foundation of American life, the hundred-and-forty-acre farm, with its buildings and stock, its seventy-five acres of improved land, its independent farmer-proprietor, who is one of some five or six million farmers, raising families in like independence, industry, and thrift, and, quite apart from that thrift, in steadily growing wealth.

We have seen that this vast class of farmer-proprietors are at once capitalists and laborers. In 1900 the capital value of their farms was over twenty billion dollars, the exact figures being $20,439,901,164. This is an increase in capital value of four billions since 1890, and of eight billions since 1880. Now consider the figures for 1910. The capital value of American farms in 1910 is stated by the census as forty billion dollars, or, to be exact, as $40,991,449,090, an increase of twenty billion dollars in ten years—an increase of more than one hundred per cent. The value of American farms has doubled in ten years, and this enormous increase is not due chiefly to the efforts of the farmers; it does not represent the result of better tillage, wholly or even largely. It is due to the general development of the

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country, to the increase in general wealth, and to the greater demand for land, which is in itself an expression of the greater general wealth.

The average value of these six or more million farms has risen from $3,563 in 1900 to $6,444 in 1910. The value of the farms per acre has risen from $24 to $46; the value of the land alone has risen from $15 an acre to $32 an acre, an increase of 108 per cent. And this in the space of ten years. This, I think, is by far the most striking single fact revealed by the recent census, a fact the importance and bearing of which we are far from fully realizing. So that, so far from productive land falling into the clutches of a small and ever-increasing minority, an imaginary ruling class of landlords, American farms in the hands of their owners are steadily increasing in numbers, being now about five millions in number; they are of sufficient size to support a thrifty family in ease and plenty, averaging some hundred and forty acres each; and they are increasing with astonishing rapidity in value, having doubled in total value, land, stock, implements, and buildings; and something more than doubled, as to the value of the land alone, in the course of the last ten years.

So that the framers of the Socialist platform have no just cause to be uneasy about the American farmers. These form the most numerous class in the nation, the wealthiest farming class in the world, holding property whose capital value is some forty-one billion dollars.

On the other hand, have the American farmers just cause to be uneasy about the framers of the Socialistic platform? A doctor who is very self-confident and eager to prescribe, with little or no knowledge of the facts of the case, is a quack; if allowed to administer the prescription and treatment based on his faulty diagnosis and imperfect knowledge, he is a dangerous quack. And I think I have said enough to show that, so far as the largest productive class in America is concerned, the framers of the Socialist platform are both ignorant and dangerous.

Their blundering diagnosis of the most important facts in the productive life of the country I have already made, I think, sufficiently clear. I have not yet quoted the proposed remedy. That remedy is contained in the seven words, of which I have already spoken, with the suggestion that their framers must devoutly pray that the American farmer will not read them, or, reading, will not mark, learn, and in-

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wardly digest them: the words: "the collective ownership of land, wherever practicable."

I do not believe that a single man on the Platform Committee of the Socialist platform has the courage to drive these words to their logical conclusion, and to publish that conclusion broadcast among the American farmers. For the logical conclusion is expressed in a single word, and that word is—confiscation. Or, if you prefer a softer expression and an additional word, the logical conclusion is land nationalization.

Let us consider how this would work out. Many of us remember the opening of that part of the old Indian Territory which then received the name of Oklahoma. We remember the gathering of the horde of squatters on the border, waiting for the opening day, and the wild rush for land, when that day came. The same kind of thing happened in 1908 in the far Northwest, when the Rosebud agency was opened. Think, then, what a rush we should have for the eight hundred millions of acres that make up our American farms, if that vast reservation were opened. That is the logical conclusion of the seven words so modestly inserted into the Socialist platform. One wonders how the American farmers would like that.

For, from one point of view, they would have no just reason to complain. A hundred and forty acres is a large holding for a single man, a single family; from the Western European point of view it is an immense area, almost a feudal estate.

But I can imagine my Socialist friends turning upon me and saying, "Who has ever suggested anything so ridiculous?" I do not believe any leading Socialist has the courage to suggest it and to carry his suggestion home to the American farmer. That would be the end of the Socialist propaganda, so far as the great producing class in this country is concerned.

But there are many steps toward Socialism, which are both dangerous and possible. A sentence in the new constitution of the Socialist party suggests some of these. That clause reads thus:

> "Any member of the party who opposes political action or advocates crime, sabotage, or other methods of violence as a weapon of the working class to aid in its emancipation, shall be expelled from membership in the party."

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On this, the draft constitution comments thus:

"The following alternative paragraph, initiated by seventy-five delegates, is submitted as a substitute for the section immediately preceding. 'Any member of the party who opposes political action shall be expelled from the party.'"

It is to be noted that the words: "advocates crime, sabotage, or other methods of violence," are the words omitted by this proposed amendment. Seventy-five delegates have, therefore, put themselves on record as at least condoning these.

Not less dangerous, and of kindred nature, are the "universal strikes" and "syndicalism" now so fashionable in the Socialistic thought and action of Europe; the great strikes which caused so much misery in France and are causing such misery in England.

The mention of England brings me inevitably to the plans of Mr. Lloyd George, which have already made such revolutionary progress there. It is not my purpose here to discuss whether these reforms do more good or harm. But I wish to point out, what is more to the purpose in the present discussion, that they are extremely costly. Note the impaired credit of England, as evidenced by the relentless fall of Consolidated Government Stock, the so-called Consols. Far above par before the South African War; now down in the seventies, and still falling. Note also the increasing difficulty of the struggle to keep up the battle-ship strength of the nation, in the face of Germany's naval programme. These are signs of the times, that all may read.

That socialistic plans like those of Mr. Lloyd George must of necessity be costly, in the long run ruinously costly, is almost a logical necessity. For look what they amount to, in principle: to give to the less effective the same reward as to the more effective; or, to speak in Darwinian terms, to suspend the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.

An immense increase in cost, that is inevitable. And if this principle were made the basis of government, in other words, if the Socialist party were to win at the polls, and carry through their programme, it would mean an enormously costly government, with increasing burdens of taxation.

Now we come to the heart of the matter, so far as it concerns the American farmer. I doubt if the Socialist party

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would dare to propose the logical outcome of their premises: confiscation and redistribution of the land. But they would dare, nay, they would be forced, to take the only possible alternative: the taxation of the American farmer, to pay the bill of their necessarily costly schemes.

Let me make this quite certain by quoting the whole clause, from which I have already taken the first seven words.

"The collective ownership of land wherever practicable, and in cases where such ownership is impracticable, the appropriation by taxation of the annual rental value of all land held for speculation or exploitation."

The meaning of the word "exploitation" is not quite clear. In one sense, farming a piece of land is exploiting it. But it is clear that the phrase is aimed at our old friend the "unearned increment." The unearned increment is to be made to bear the cost. The unearned increment is a "socially created" value, and so it should belong to the society which created it. Therefore let us take it in taxes and apply it to our costly Socialistic schemes.

At this point, the American farmer comes once more into the story. It will be remembered that, in 1900, the capital value of American farms amounted to twenty billion dollars. In 1910, this capital value amounted to forty-one billion dollars; had, in fact, more than doubled. To this enormous increase the farmer's industry and thrift contributed little. What he contributed may fairly be measured by the increased area of improved land, some three acres per farm. All the rest, twenty billion dollars, let us say, or, on the average, $3,000 per farm, is unearned increment. Twenty billion dollars of unearned increment in ten years, or two billion dollars a year. Here is the field for Socialist taxation, when all industrial taxes are removed.

The Socialist Utopia will never prevail. It ought not to prevail, because Socialism springs from wrong motives, its view of life is false, its effect on human character and human development would be disastrous. Therefore it is wise to make clear the logical working out of Socialism, so that its dangers may be realized in advance, and guarded against; and with this purpose the present attempt is made to show how Socialism would work, if honestly applied, with regard to the largest class in the Republic, the class which produces the wealth and sustenance of the American nation.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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THE PHANTOMS BEHIND US

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I TAKE the title of this paper from those great lines in Whitman beginning

"Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,"

and in which he launches in vivid imaginative form the whole doctrine of evolution some years before Darwin had published his epoch-making work on the *Origin of Species*.

"I see afar down the huge first Nothing, and I know I was even there."

I do not know that Whitman had any concrete belief in the truth of the animal origin of man. He read as picture and parable that which the man of science reads as demonstrable fact. He saw and felt the great truth of evolution, but he saw it as written in his own heart and not in the great stone book of the earth, and he saw it written large. He felt its cosmic truth, its truth in relation to the whole scheme of things; he felt his own kinship with all that lives and had a vivid personal sense of his debt to the past not only of human history, but also to the past of the earth and the spheres. And he felt this as a poet and not as a man of science.

The theory of evolution as applied to the whole universe, and its inevitable corollary, the animal origin of man, is now well established in most of the leading minds of the world, but it is still a hard proposition to many timid and sensitive souls and it will be a long time before it becomes universally accepted.

Doubtless one source of the trouble we have in accepting the theory comes from the fact that our minds have not been used to such thoughts; in the mind of the race they are a new thing; they are not in the literature nor in the philosophy nor in the sacred books in which our minds have

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been nurtured; they are of yesterday; they came to us raw and unhallowed by the usage of ages; more than that, they savor of the materialism of all modern science which is so distasteful to our finer ideals and religious sensibilities. In fact, these ideas are strangers of an alien race in our intellectual household, and we look upon them coldly and distrustfully. But probably to our children, or to our children's children, they will wear quite a different countenance; they will have become an accepted part of the great family of ideas of the race.

Another hindrance is the dulness and opacity of our own minds. We are slow to wake up to a sense of the divinity that hedges us about. The great office of science has been to show us this universe as much more wonderful and divine than we have been wont to believe; shot through and through with celestial laws and forces; matter, indeed; but matter informed with spirit and intelligence; the creative energy inherent and active in the ground underfoot, not less than in the stars and nebulæ overhead.

We look for the divine afar off. We gaze upon the beauty and purity of the stars without thinking that we are gazing at them from a sister star. We must open our minds to the stupendous fact that God is imminent in His universe and that it is literally and exactly true as we were taught long ago that during every moment of our lives in Him we live and move and have our being.

Moreover, we are staggered by the element of vast time that is implied in the history of development. Were it not for the records in the rocks we could not believe it at all. All the grand movements and processes of nature are quite beyond our ken. In the heavens only the astronomer with his prisms and telescopes traces them; only the geologist and paleontologist read their history in the earth's crust. The soil we cultivate was once solid rock, but not in one lifetime, not in many lifetimes do we see the transformation of the rocks into soil. Nations may rise and fall, and the rocks they looked upon and the soil they tilled remain practically unchanged. Geologists talk about the ancient continents that have passed away. What an abyss of time such things open! They talk about the birth of a mountain or of the decay of a mountain as we talk of the birth and death of a man, but in doing so they reckon with periods of time for which we have no standards of measurement. They

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walk and talk with the Eternal. To us the mountains seem as fixed as the stars. But the stars, too, are flitting. Look at Orion some millions of years hence and he will have been torn limb from limb. The combination of stars that form that striking constellation and all other constellations is temporary as the grouping of the clouds. The rise of man from the lower orders implies a scale of time almost as great. It is unintelligible to us because it belongs to a category of facts that transcends our experience and the experience of the race as the interstellar spaces transcend our earthly measurements.

We now gaze upon the orders below us across an impassable gulf, but that gulf we have crossed and without any supernatural means of transportation. We may say it has been bridged or filled with the humble ancestral forms that carried forward the precious evolutionary impulse of the vertebrate series till it culminated in man. All vestiges of that living bridge are now gone, and the legend of our crossing seems like a dream or a miracle. Biological evolution has gone hand in hand with geological evolution and both are on a scale of time of which our hour-glass of the centuries gives us but a faint hint. Our notions of time are not formed on the pattern of the cosmic processes, or the geologic processes, or the evolutionary processes; they are formed on the pattern of our own brief span of life. In a few cases in the familiar life about us we see the evolutionary process abridged, and transformations like those of unrecorded time take place before our eyes, as when the tadpole becomes the frog or the grub becomes the butterfly. These rapid changes are analogous to those which in the depths of geologic time have evolved the bird from the fish or the reptile, or the seal and the manatee from a four-footed land animal. Our common bluebird is evidently a remote descendant of some form of the thrush family; we may infer this fact from the speckled breast of the young birds and from the voices of the mature birds. I have heard a bluebird with an unmistakable thrush note. The transformation has doubtless been so slow that an analogous change taking place in any of the bird forms of our own time would entirely escape observation. The bluebird may have been as long in getting his blue coat as man has been in getting his upright position.

Then looking into the laws and processes of the common

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nature about us for clews to the origin of man is not unlike looking into the records of the phonograph for the secret of the music which that wonderful instrument voices for us. Something, some active principle or agent, has to invoke the music that slumbers or is latent in these lines.

In like manner some principle or force that we do not see is active in the ground underfoot and in the forms of life about us which is the final secret of the origin of man and of all other creatures. This something is the evolutionary impulse, this innate aspiration of living matter to reach higher and higher forms. "Urge and urge," says Whitman, "always the procreant urge of the world." It is in Emerson's worm "striving to be man." This "striving" pervades organic nature. Whence its origin science does not assume to say.*

Then the difference in kind between the mind of man and that of the lower orders makes evolution a doubly hard problem.

Look over the globe and see what a gulf separates man from all other creatures. All the other animals seem akin —as if the product of the same workman. Man, in contrast, seems like an introduction from some other sphere or the outcome of quite other psychological laws; his dominion over them all is so complete and universal. Without their specialization of structure or powers, he yet masters them all and uses them; without their powers of speed, he yet outstrips them; without their strength of tusk and limb, he yet subdues them; without their inerrant instinct, he yet outwits them; without their keenness of eye, ear, and nose, he yet wins in the chase; without their special adaptation to environment, he survives where they perish. A man is marked off from the animals below him, I say, as if he were a being of another sphere. He looks into their eyes and they into his and no recognition passes; and yet we have to believe that he and they are fruit of the same biologic tree and that their stem forms unite in the same trunk somewhere in the abyss of biologic time.

The rise of man from the lower orders taxes our powers of belief and our faith in the divinity that lurks underfoot far more than did the special creation myth. Creation by omnipotent fiat seems easy when you have the omnipotent being to begin with, but creation through evolution is a

* This passage was written before I had read Bergson.

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kind of cosmic or biologic legerdemain that baffles and bewilders us. It so far transcends all our earthly knowledge and experience and all the flights of our philosophy that we stand speechless before it. It opens a gulf that the imagination cannot clear; it opens vistas from which we instinctively shrink; it opens up abysms of time in which our whole historic period would be but a day; it opens up a world of struggle, delay, waste, failure that palls the imagination. It challenges our faith in the immanency and in the ceaseless activity of God in His world; it brings the creative energy down from its celestial abode and clothes it with the flesh and blood of animal life. It may chill and shock us; it shows us that we are of the earth, earthy; yea, that we are of the animal, beastly; it presses us down in matter; it puts out the lights to which we have so long turned as lighting our origin; the words "sacred," "divine," "holy," or "celestial," as applied to our origin and development, we have no longer any use for, or for any words or ideas that set us apart from the rest of creation above it in our origin or apart from it in our relations. The atmosphere of mystery and miracle and sanctity that our religious training has thrown around our introduction upon this planet and around our relations and destiny science dispels. Our language and many of our ideas and habits of thought date back to pre-scientific times—when there were two worlds, the heavenly and the earthly, separated by a gulf. Now we know that the two worlds are one, that they are inseparably blended, that the celestial and the terrestial are under the same law, that we can never be any more in the heavens than we are here and now, nor any nearer the final sources of life and power, that the divine is underfoot as well as overhead, that we live on a star among the stars, that we are part and parcel of the physical universe and take our chances in the cosmic processes the same as the rest and draw upon the same fund of animal life that the other creatures do. We are identified with the worm underfoot no less than with the stars overhead. We are not degraded by such a thought, but the whole of creation is lifted up. Our minds and bodies are not less divine, but all things are more divine. We have to gird up our loins and try to summon strength to see this tremendous universe as it is, alive and divine to the last particle and embosomed in the Infinite.

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Evolution is not the final explanation of the universe, but it is probably the largest generalization of the modern mind. Science has to start somewhere, and it starts with the universe as it finds it and seeks to trace secondary or proximate causes; the evolutionist seeks to trace the footsteps of creative energy in the world of animal life. How did God make man? Out of the dust of the earth, says the Bible of our fathers. The evolutionist teaches essentialy the same thing, only he does not abridge the process as the catechism has abridged it for us; he would fain unfold the whole long road that man has traveled from the first protozoic cell to the vast communities of cells that now make up his physical life. He would show how man has risen on stepping-stones of his dead self. These stepping-stones have been the animal forms below him. In them and through them something, some impulse, some force, has mounted and mounted through all the enormous lapse of geologic time. In imagination we see the dim, shadowy man, restless and struggling in a vast number of earlier forms. He has struggled upward through the invertebrates, through the fish, through the reptile, through the lower mammals, through his simian ancestors till he reaches his goal in the man we know.

Darwin was not the author of the theory of evolution, but he made the theory alive and real to the imagination. He showed us what a master key it is for unlocking the riddle of the life of the globe. He launched biological science upon a new career and made it worthy of its place in the great trilogy of sciences, astronomy, geology, and biology, of which Tennyson, in his poem, "Parnassus," recognized only the first two. Had Tennyson written his poem in our day he would undoubtedly have included biology among his "terrible Muses" that tower above all others, eclipsing the glory of the great poets. Or is it true that we find it easier to accept the theory of the evolution of the worlds and suns from nebulous matter than to accept the theory of the evolution of man from the maze of the lower animal forms? It is less personal to us. The astronomer has the advantage of the biologist in one important respect: he can show us in the heavens now the process of the evolution of worlds actually going on, but the biologist cannot show us the transformation of one species into another taking place to-day. We can sound the abysses of astronomic space easier than we can sound the abysses of geologic time. The stars and the

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nebulæ we have always with us, but where are the myriad earlier forms that were the antecedents of the present animal life of the globe? True, the paleontologist finds a more or less disjointed record of them in the stratified rocks and sees in a measure the course evolution has taken, but he does not actually see it at work as does the astronomer. More than that, the forces the astronomer deals with are mechanical and chemical, but the biologist deals with a new force called life that often reverses or defies mechanical and chemical forces, but which is yet so identified and blended with them that we cannot conceive it apart from them. The stomach does not digest itself, nor gravity hold the blood in the lower extremities. The tree lifts up its weight of fluids and solids and holds aloft its fruit and foliage in spite of gravity; its growing roots split and lift the rocks; mosses and lichens disintegrate granite; vital energy triumphs over chemical and mechanical energy.

Biological laws are much more subtle and difficult to trace and formulate than chemical and mechanical laws. Hence the student of organic evolution can rarely arrive at the demonstrable certainties in this field that he can in the sphere of chemistry and mechanics. It is very doubtful if life can ever be explained in terms of these things. Life works through chemical combinations and affinities, and yet is it not more than chemistry? It works with and through mechanical principles and forces, and yet it is evidently more than mechanics. It is manifested through matter and yet no analysis of matter can reveal its secret. It comes and goes while matter stays; we destroy life, but cannot destroy matter. It is as fugitive as the wind which fills all sails one minute and is gone the next. It avails itself of fluids and gases and the laws which govern them, but fluids and gases do not explain it. It waits upon the rains and the dews, but it is more than they are; it follows in the footsteps of the decay and disintegration of the inorganic and yet it is not the gift of these things; it transforms the face of the earth and yet the earth has been and will be when it was and is not. Through his knowledge and his science man performs wonders every day; he can reduce mountains to powder and seas to dry land, but he cannot create or start *de novo* the least throb of life. At least, he has not yet done so. With all his vast resources of mechanics and chemistry, and his insight into the mechanism of the uni-

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verse, he has not yet made the least particle of inorganic matter thrill with the mysterious something we call life.

There must have been a time when life was not upon the earth and there must again come a time when it will not be. It has probably vanished from the moon and all inferior planets and has not yet come to the superior planets, except maybe to Mars. It must be and always have been potential in matter, but this fact leaves the mystery as profound as ever.

Yet if the artificial production of life were to happen to-day—if in some of our laboratories living matter were produced from non-living, would we not still have to credit the event to some mysterious potency residing in matter itself? If by a lucky stroke man were to evoke the organic from the inorganic, be assured he would not evoke something from nothing, or add anything to the latent possibilities of the elements with which he works. Does not the question still remain, who or what made this feat possible? One dare affirm that man cannot create life *de novo* any more than he can create matter. He may yet evoke life as he evokes the spark from the flint and the flame from the match or as he evokes force from the food he eats. In this latter case he does not create the force; he liberates it through the vital forces of his body. The spark from the flint and the flame from the match were called forth by a mechanical process, but the process was set going by the will which waits upon the vital process. The body with all its many functions is a complicated system of mechanical devices and chemical processes, but that which is back of all and governs all is not mechanical; the body is a machine plus something else.

The chemist or biologist who shall produce a speck of protoplasm to-day will have the credit of unlocking a power in inorganic nature; he will prove by a short cut how immanent the creative energy or the vital force of the universe is in matter. He will not have eliminated the creative energy; he will only have disclosed it and availed himself of it.

We behold spontaneous combustion, a fire self-kindled, but we do not see the activity of the particles of matter that preceded it nor penetrate the secret of their mysterious affinities. The fire was potential there in the very constitution of the elements. We flout at miracles and then we disclose an unending miracle in the life about us.

All the life upon the globe, including man with all his

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marvelous powers, surely originated upon the globe, surely arose out of the non-living and the non-thinking, not by the fiat of some power external to nature, but through the creative energy inherent in nature and ever active there. The great physical instrumentality was heat—without heat the reaction called life could never have taken place. This fact has led a French biologist to say that life is only a surface accident in the history of the thermic evolution of the globe. Without the disintegration of the rocks and the formation of the soil and the precipitation of watery vapor, which was indirectly the work of heat, the vegetable and the animal could not have developed. If we succeed in proving that all these things are of chemico-mechanical origin, we still want to know who or what instituted these chemical and mechanical powers and the laws that govern them. Creation by chemistry and mechanics is as mysterious as creation by miracle. We must still have a creator, while we can do nothing with Him nor find any place for Him in an endless, beginningless, infinite series of events. So there we are. We go out of the same door by which we came in.

When all life vanishes from the earth, as it will when the condition of heat and moisture has radicaly changed, and eternal refrigeration sets in—what then? The potencies of matter will not have changed and life will reappear and go through its cycle again on some other sphere.

Life began upon this earth not by miracle in the old sense, but by miracle in the new scientific sense—by the immanence and ceaseless activity of the creative energy in the physical world about us—in the sunbeam, in the rains, in the snows, in the air currents, and in the soil underfoot; in oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, in lime, iron, silex, phosphorus, and in all the rest of them. Each has its laws, its ways, its fixed mode of procedure, its affinities, its likes and dislikes, and life is bound up with all of them. If we hypothecate the ether to explain certain phenomena, why should we not hypothecate a vital force to account for other mysteries?

The inorganic passes into the organic as night passes into day. Where does one end and the other begin? No man can tell. There is no beginning and no ending of either and yet night comes and goes and day comes and goes—a constant becoming and a constant ending. We are probably in the midday of the life of the globe—life huge and rank and riotous—the youth of life has passed, life more sedate and

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aspiring and spiritual has come. The gigantic has gone or is going, the huge monsters of the sea and of the land have had their day, man appears at the end of the series of lesser but more complete forms.

Many intelligent persons who have been rocked in the cradle of the old creeds still look upon evolution as a godless doctrine and accuse it of vulgarizing high and sacred things. This state of mind can only be slowly outgrown by familiarizing ourselves with the processes of nature or of the creative energy in the world of life and matter about us; with our own origin in the low fish-like or ape-like creature in the maternal womb; with the development of every plant, tree, and animal from a microscopic germ; with the unbroken sequence of natural law; with the waste, the delays, the pains, the failures on every hand; with the impersonal and the impartial character of all the physical forces; with the transformations and metamorphoses that mark the course of animal life; and, above all, with the thought that evolution is not self-caused or in any true sense a cause in itself, but the instrument or plan of the power that works in and through all things. The ways of God in all these details are past finding out, but science watches the unfolding of a bud, the development of a grain of wheat, the growth of the human embryo, the succession of life forms upon the globe, as revealed in the records of the stratified rocks, or observes in the heavens the condensation of nebulous matter into suns and systems, and it says this is one of His ways. Evolution—an endless unfolding and transformation. "Urge and urge and urge," says Whitman (I love to repeat this saying; it is so significant), "always the procreant urge of the world." Always the labor and travail-pains of the universe to bring forth higher forms; always struggle and pain and failure and death, but always a new birth and an upward reach.

Strike out the element of time and we see evolution as the great prestidigitator of the biologic ages. The creative energy manipulates a fish and it turns into a reptile; it covers a mollusk as with a vapor and behold! a backboned creature instead! Now we see a little creature no larger than a fox and when we look again, behold the horse; a wolf or some kindred animal is plunged into the water and behold the seal! Some small creature of the lemur kind is covered with a capacious hand and we look again and behold

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Man! We have only to minimize time and minimize space to see the impossible happening all about us or to see the Mosaic account of creation repeated; we have only the clay and water to begin with, when, presto! what have we now? We behold the rocks covered with verdure, we see the mountains vanishing into plains, the valleys changing into hills, or the plains changing into mountains, tropic lands covered with ice and snow.

Lord Salisbury thought he had discredited natural selection, which is one of the feet upon which evolution goes, when he charged that no one had ever seen it at work. We have not seen it at work because our little span of life is too short. Only the paleontologist traces in the records of the rocks the footsteps of this god of change. And rarely if ever does he find a continuous and complete record—only a footprint here and there, but he sees the direction in which they are going and many of the places where the traveler tarried. The paleontologist, that detective of the rocks, works up his case with the same thoroughness and caution and the same power of observation that does the detective in human affairs and with a greater sweep of scientific imagination.

An agent of evolution is the influence of the environment, but who sees the environment set its stamp upon animal life? After many generations we may see the accumulated results. In a few instances the results are rapid. Thus sheep lose their wool in tropical climates and a northern fur-bearing animal its fur. The well-being of the animal demands this change, and demands it quickly. Fish lose their sense of sight in underground streams; this loss is not so vital and it comes about much more slowly. A tropical climate sets its stamp upon the complexion and character of man, but this again is a slow process, as the same stress of necessity does not exist.

In the tendency to variation—in form, size, disposition, power, fertility—man differs from all other animals. In the same race, in the same family, we find infinitely varied types. Among the wild creatures all the individuals of a species are practically alike. We can hardly tell one fox, or one marmot, or one chipmunk, or one crow, or one hawk, or one black duck from another of the same species. Of course there are slight individual differences, but they are hardly distinguishable. Among the insects one bee, one beetle, one

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ant, one butterfly seems the exact copy of every other individual of its kind. The law of variation seems practically annulled in the insect world.

It is the wide and free range of this law in the human species that has undoubtedly led to the great progress of the race. There has been no dead level—no democracy of talent—no equality of gifts, but only equality of opportunity. Men differ from each other in their mental endowments, capacities, and dispositions vastly more than does any other creature upon the earth. This difference makes man's chances of progress so much the greater; he has so many more stakes in the game. If one type of talent fails another type may win; if the lymphatic temperament is not a success try the sanguine or the bilious; blue eyes and black eyes and brown eyes will win more triumphs than blue or black or brown alone. Arms or legs extra long, sight or hearing extra sharp, wit extra keen, judgment extra sure—all these things open doors to more progress. Variation gives natural selection a chance to take hold, and where the struggle for life is the most severe the changes will be the most rapid and the most radical. Without the pressure of the environment natural selection would not select. The tendency to physical variation in man is probably no greater than in other creatures, but his tendency to mental variation is enormous. He varies daily from mediocrity to genius, hence the enormous range of his chances of progress. From the first variation that started him on his way in his line of descent, variation must have been more and more active till he varied in the direction of reason, long before the dawn of history, since which time his progress has been by rapid strides—and more and more rapid till we see his leaps forward in recent times. The race owes its rapid progress to its exceptional men, its men of genius and power, and these have often been like sports or the sudden result of mutations—a man like Lincoln springing from the humblest parentage. No such extreme variations are seen in any of the lower orders. Indeed, in one's lifetime one sees but very slight variation in any of the wild or domestic creatures, less in the wild than in the domestic because less under the influence of that most variable of animals, man. And man's variations are mainly mental and not physical. The higher we go in the scale of powers the greater the variation and hence the more rapid the evolution. Probably man's body has not

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changed radically in vast cycles of time, but his mind has developed enormously since the dawn of history.

Biologists are coming more and more to recognize some unknown factor in evolution, probably some unknowable factor. The four factors of Osborn—heredity, ontogeny, environment, selection—play upon and modify endlessly the new form when it is started, but what about the original start? Whence comes this inborn momentum, this evolutionary send-off? What or who set the whole grand process going?

Bergson sees an internal psychological principle of development, hence the name of his book *Creative Evolution.* Osborn uses the word "directed." Certain characters, he says, are adaptive or suited to their purpose from the start; they do not have to be fitted to their place by natural selection. Huxley uses the word "predestined"—all the life of the globe and all the starry hosts of heaven are working out in boundless space and in endless time "their predestined course of evolution." Darwin must have had in mind the same mysterious something when he said that man had risen to the very summit of the animal scale, but not through his own exertions. Not by his own will or exertion, surely, any more than the embryo in its mother's womb develops into the full-grown child by its own exertion, or than our temperaments and complexions and statures are matters of our own wills and choice. Something greater than man and before him, to which he sustains the relation that the unborn child sustains to its mother, must enter into our thought of his origin and development.

The great evolutionists have been very cautious about seeking to go behind evolution and name the Primal Cause. In such an attempt science would at once be beyond soundings. Darwin and Huxley were reverent, truth-loving men, but they hesitated as men of science to put themselves in a position where no step could be taken.

Slowly man emerges out of the abyss of geologic time into the dawn of history and science gropes about like a man feeling his way in the dark or at most, by the aid now and then of a dim flash of light, to trace the path he has come. He has surely arrived, and we are, I believe, safe in saying he has come by the way of the lower orders; but the precise forms through which he has come, the houses in which he has tarried by the way, and all the adventures and vicissitudes

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that befell him on the journey—can we ever hope to know these things? In any case, man has his antecedents; life has its antecedents; every beat of one's heart has its antecedent cause, which again has its antecedent. We can thus traverse the chain of causation only to find it is an endless chain; the separate links we can examine, but the first link or the last we see by the very nature of things, and the laws of our own minds must forever elude us. Science cannot admit of a break in the chain of causation, cannot admit that miracles or the supernatural, in the old sense, as external and arbitrary interference with the natural order, can play or ever has played any part in this universe. Yet science has to postulate a First Cause when it knows, or metaphysics knows for it, that with the Infinite there can be no first and no last, no beginning and no ending, only endless succession.

To science man is not a fallen creature, but a many times risen creature and all the good of the universe centers in him. The mind that pervades all nature and is active in plant and animal alike first comes to know itself and regard itself and achieve intellectual appreciation in man. While all nature below man is wise only to its own ends and goes its appointed way as void of self-consciousness as the stone that falls or the wind that blows, the mind of man attains to disinterested wisdom and turns upon itself and upon the universe the power of objective thought; it alone achieves understanding.

In our studies of life and of the universe as soon as we begin to bridge chasms by an appeal to the miraculous, or to the extra-natural powers, we are traitors to the scientific spirit which we seek to serve. There are many things that science cannot explain. Perhaps I may say that it cannot give the ultimate explanation of anything. It can do little more than tell us of the action, the interaction, and the reaction of things, but of the things themselves, their origin and ultimate nature, or the source of the laws that govern them, what does it or what can it know?

Man is the heir of all the geologic ages; he inherits the earth after countless generations of animals and plants, and the beneficent forces of wind and rain, air and sky, have in the course of millions of years prepared it for him. His body has been built for him through the lives and struggles of the countless beings who are in the line of his long descent;

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his mind is equally an accumulated inheritance of the mental growth of the myriads of thinking men and unthinking animals that went before him. In the forms of his humbler forbears he has himself lived and died myriads of times to make ready the soil that nurses and sustains him to-day. He is a debtor to Cambrian and Silurian times, to the dragons and saurians and mastodons that have roamed over the earth. Indeed, what is there or has there been in the universe that he is not indebted to? The remotest star that shines has sent a ray that has entered into his life. All things are under his feet, and the keys of the heavens are in his hands.

One would fain arrive at some concrete belief or image of his line of descent in geologic time as he does in the historic period. But how hard it is to do so! Can we form any mental picture of the actual animal forms that the manward impulse has traveled through? With all the light that paleontology throws upon the animal life of the past, can we see where amid the revel of these bizarre forms our ancestor hid himself? Can we see him as a reptile in the slime of the jungle or in the waters of the Mesozoic world? What was he like or what akin to? What mark or sign was there upon him at that time of the future that was before him? Can we see him as a fish in the old Devonian seas or lakes? Was he a big fish or a little fish? The primitive fishes were mostly of the shark kind. Is there any connection between that fact and the human sharks of to-day? Much less can one picture to one's self what his ancestor was like in the age of the invertebrates amid the trilobites, for example, of the earlier Paleozoic seas. But we must go back even earlier than that, back to unicellular life and to original protoplasm, and finally back to fiery nebulous matter. What can we make of it all by way of concrete conception of what actually took place—of the visible, eating, warring, breeding animal forms in whose safekeeping our heritage lay? Nothing. We are not merely at sea, we are in abysmal depths, and the darkness is so thick we can cut it.

We meet the same difficulty when we try to figure to ourselves the line of descent of any of the animal forms of to-day. How did they escape the world-wide catastrophe of earlier geologic times? Or did the creative impulse bank upon life as a whole and never become bankrupt, no matter what special lines or forms failed?

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The first appearance of the primates is in Eocene times, and the anthropoid apes in the Miocene, probably five millions of years ago. The form which may have been in our line of descent, the *Dryopithecus*, later appears to have become extinct. Did our fate hang upon the success of any of these forms? The monkeys and anthropoid apes appeared at the same time in different countries. Nature seems to have been making preliminary studies of man in these various forms, but when and where she hit upon the form that she perfected in man, who knows?

The horse appears to have been evolved in North America, true cattle in Asia, elephants in Africa. Can we narrow their line of descent down to a single pair for each? Many forms allied to the horse appeared in Europe and Asia in Miocene times. We find monkeys in different parts of the world in the same geologic horizons—did they all have a common origin?

Life's apprenticeship has been a long one. The earlier forms of vertebrate life were very large; later they became very small. Nature seems to have experimented with bulk as if she thought size would win in the race. Hence those huge uncouth forms among the reptiles and early mammals. The scheme did not work well; bulk was not the thing, after all. Most of the gigantic forms became extinct. Then she tried smaller and more agile forms with larger brains—less flesh and more wit. On this line Nature continued to work till she produced her masterpiece in man—a rather feeble and nearly weaponless animal, but with an intangible armory of weapons and tools in his brain that enables him to put all creatures under his feet.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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MUTSUHITO THE GREAT

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

WHAT manner of man was the late Emperor of Japan? What was his real personality? Have we any means of knowing?

Cardinal Newman declared that the true index, the surest key to a man's real character, lay in his personal letters. What had been written during life from youth to old age, and in each case while the future was as yet unknown, constituted the best revelation of the real man.

In Japanese human history a poem takes the place of a personal epistle. In its two forms, the seventeen and the thirty-one syllable stanza is the offhand expression of fugitive thought, of impulse, emotion, deep conviction, or set purpose. Nothing so mirrors and photographs a man's life as do these *hokku* and *tenka* of a cultivated son of Nippon. In this national habit, fixed by twelve centuries of refined custom, Mutsuhito the Great excelled. In continuity and in volume of production he was a leader. There is no veil or mystery as to what the one hundred and twenty-third Emperor of "the line from ages eternal" thought and felt. Opinions may differ as to the measure or the quality of his statesmanship, his literary culture or intellectual ability, or the amount of his actual participation in the details of politics or administration. The judgment of aliens, according as they have sight or insight, may vary in their estimation of the late Mikado's capacity.

Yet, we repeat, concerning his inmost thoughts there exists an infallible mirror. With these verses before him, one may almost claim the use of a spiritual prism and throw against the screen of reality a spectrum of Mutsuhito's inner life. As the critic, who is familiar with the workings of the Japanese mind, studies even a few of these thousands of "winged words," penned between boyhood's days and

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the last year of life, he beholds the bright lines of elemental tastes, fancies, moving sympathies, and compelling convictions. Be it the importunate and sleep-dispelling mosquito of August or the piercing frost of February, the occasion makes the Imperial pen and paper meet. The result shows fellow-feeling with the rice farmer in the valley or the soldier in Manchuria. It is not the impersonality of the Mikado that endears him to his people; it is rather his actual human heart. This is easily discernible by the X-ray of popular insight, and it accounts for that absolute trust of the people in their ruler, which gives the nation its astonishing unity and moral strength. Against the impersonality of Buddhism, Bushido, and the secrecy of the "Government," Nature takes her sufficient revenge.

In all the world the method and spirit of *Wa-Gaku,* or Japanese verse, are unique. In detecting character these stanzas equal finger-prints in value. A Japanese of the Japanese, Mutsuhito clung to the old culture of Yamato as passionately as he loved nature. The pine and snow, crane and tortoise, ocean wave and foam bell, the tender verdure or the golden ripeness of the rice-fields, the splendor of the crimson maples, and the glory of the chrysanthemum enthralled him. Yet along with this went a love of his people, a delight in their triumphs, a desire to share both their joyous achievements or their piercing sorrows, that made Mutsuhito one of the truest Pater Patriæ who ever received that title coveted by the great. Sympathy with the nation as a family was the dominant note—an emotion translated into action by a frugal, at times an abstemious life, in order to pour from his private purse instant and unstinted relief to the needy. The hundreds of instances of his generosity to the victims of flood, famine, disease, and war were crowned in 1911 by his gift of $1,500,000, now augmented by his wealthy subjects, moved by Imperial example, to nearly $10,000,000 for the sick poor of his realm. Whatever the channels—Buddhist, Shinto, Christian—the Emperor's hand withheld not its gift. Like oil poured from vessel to vessel, the grace of the gift seems finer as the object of favor increases in distance from the narrow life of the old Kyoto court. I remember when Christianity was banned as "the accursed sect," but Mutsuhito has helped with money and kind words its Y. M. C. A. and its orphanages.

Some Power greater than Orient or Occident, or both, or-

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dered it that in the palace at Kyoto on November 3, 1852—almost on the day that Millard Fillmore, the true author of the peaceful armada to Japan, gave orders to Perry to sail—the child Mutsuhito should be born. Of archaic name, meaning gentleman, even as that of his son, the coming Emperor, Yoshi Hito means Good Man, and without Gentile cognomen, the man who was to lead Japan into world-life, was born in what was politically a prison. Six centuries of the domination of the soldier meant for the people eclipse of social freedom and for the Mikado occultation and exile. The mailed hand that terrorized all Japan, but held also nearly three hundred barons in check, was that of the Shogun in Yedo, the far-away East of palanquin days. In Kyoto overshadowing the "palace," which had little then to suggest anything "Imperial," was Nijo castle, ever garrisoned by the military dictator's troops from Yedo. Like a hedge of steel, this citadèl was further reinforced by a circle of daimios, or barons loyal to the Shogun, or of his own kin, whose castles and domains ring-forced the sacred city. It was thus made possible to maintain duarchy, and impossible, while Japan was isolated from the world, for any powerful feudatory or a combination of castle lords to seize the person of the Mikado. To possess this vital center of religion and government, the fountain of all honor and the motor in all the history of Japanese politics, was the ambition ever cherished by the daring; yet the problem seemed insoluble. Until the coming of the alien, the situation seemed fixed for all time.

Nevertheless, a new world, seen only by students with prophetic eye, was dawning. The dynamite of ideas was, even in 1852, ready to rend the rock of ages of precedent. Over a century previous to Perry, the scholar Mabuchi turned from office and emolument, choosing poverty and laborious days, to carry on those researches into history and to publish those immortal books that resulted in the revival of the primeval faith, Shinto (or the Pathway of the Gods). Apart from the religious force generated, a new universe of ideas was opened to the patriot out of which has grown the modern State, the Mikado being the center of the forces that have lifted Japan to the place of a world power. It was a scholar's movement that has issued in the elevation of the Mikado to a place of eminence never dreamed of by his ancestors, that has secured alliance with Great Britain and

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hung the Mikado's chrysanthemum banner of golden brocade in Windsor Chapel among the insignia of the world's oldest order of Bushido or Knighthood. It was what the scholars taught that enabled an army of peasants to humble China and to tame Russia. Perry did but touch the button to explode a force long generating when his anchor-chains rattled at Uraga in February, 1853.

In the glorious *coup d'état* of 1867, in which a handful of long-planning heroes—fifty-five in all, for I knew them every one—broke the net and hedge of centuries and secured the divine person of the boy-Mikado as the infallible motor of their new statecraft, there were men of many grades: palace nobles inside the court, Sanjo and Iwakura, and a few daimios or castle lords—my master, Echizen, being one of them—were the leaders. Yet the real work of construction was done by able young men of inferior rank, half of them trained by the American missionary Verbeck, one survivor, Count Okuma, being with us to-day.

What lions stood in the path of the brave young knights? What fears evoked in the minds of the men of subtler insight? Russia, always first; Great Britain, with her record in India; the France of Louis Napoleon—what would they do? None of these wanted an Asiatic nation to rise to equality. The United States did and showed its feeling.

The first problem was how to prevent Satsuma, or any other powerful clan, from seizing the power and monopolizing results; the second was to accept and sign the old treaties; the third was to create what did not exist—a national army, navy, and treasury; the fourth to sweep away feudalism; the fifth to equip Japan with the facilities of a modern State, including steamships, railways, and telegraphs; the sixth to invite from abroad the aid of expert foreign assistants; and by making "the glory of Japan shine beyond the seas," to obtain the world's recognition.

Where on earth, in 1868, was there a place so significant and appropriate for the taking of the Imperial Oath to carry out these grand designs save in the old Nijo Castle, now empty of its Yedo garrison, which had been defeated in battle by unarmored men of the new age equipped with American rifles and drilled in Scott's and Hardee's tactics? So the boy Mikado, now fifteen years old, leaving his gold-fishes, ponds, and gardens, his playmates and his riding-masters, came into the historic Nijo Castle. There amid ceremonies

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and circumstances as significant as when Imperial Germany, three years later, was proclaimed from French Versailles, Mutsuhito took that Charter Oath, of which the Constitution of 1889 and Japan's development, even until to-day, are but the evolution. Yuri, the statesman who penned the words sworn, gave me long ago an autograph copy of the document of 1868. As matter of fact, twenty-one years elapsed before the Constitution was matured and proclaimed. Meanwhile Shinto and an irresponsible ministry were made engines of government.

With all the joyous élan of youth, Mutsuhito emerged from cloistered seclusion into the wonderful world awaiting him. Happily Ito, who, back from Europe, had passed the scrutiny of the spies of Yedo government at Yokohama, had reached Kyoto and could act as easy interpreter of both word and ideas. So, breaking all precedent, the British and American envoys were invited to the palace. Despite the terrific onset of two fanatics, who in the narrow streets, with their double-handed swords, killed or wounded a dozen British men and horses, the envoys reached the palace and Mutsuhito looked upon the pale and hairy faces of the Outer Country men. Even more was he delighted, in those palanquin days, when taken to the sea, to stand upon a ship's deck. Then came marriage to a daughter of the land and one of immemorial line, whose nobility of rank and descent, high as these are, seem, in the perspective of over forty years, to be dwarfed by her superb womanhood and wifely devotion. Despite the anguished wail of old residents still believing in both the divinity and the deity of the Emperor, with opposition, amounting almost to armed violence against his escort, Mutsuhito made the journey to Yedo, henceforth named Tokyo and to be the seat of government.

It was a poor welcome from the foreign ministers that the young Emperor received. No foreign legations then had their seat in Tokyo, nor for years except the one flying the Stars and Stripes.

Having lived in the interior in Echizen's castle, where I saw feudalism in operation, its glory and its fall, I reached Tokyo shortly after His Majesty had returned with his bride. There were then only a dozen or two foreigners in the city, mostly connected with the Imperial University. I remember how happy this young man of eighteen, master of thirty-two millions (now sixty-five millions), with a fuzzy upper

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lip, of a Malay cast of countenance, fairly proportioned, and taller than the average of his countrymen, looked as he rode about the city or visited the old places of historic interest or the new seats of modern activity. The man prevailed over the god, and the hedge of divinity seemed to be often breached by human curiosity. When near foreign ladies he took a good, satisfying view, and from his carriage nodded to us near by, as if we were the guests he delighted to honor. The mystery play and humbuggery of pretensions to the divine and even to deity, which fanatical Shintoists would still keep up, suffered many a jostle. When Mr. William H. Seward had an interview with Mutsuhito, the Son of Heaven had to be afterward cleansed with lustrations and possibly fumigated to neutralize the contagion. Now the Emperor of all the Nippons can shake hands with an alien without defilement. Let the Japanese remember that scholarship created the modern prestige of the Mikado, and beware lest too soon critical learning puncture the bubble of any claim to divinity, as it well can do.

In the palace audience of 1872, one of several which I enjoyed, Mutsuhito was arrayed in flowing crimson and white robes and wore a black cap with a lofty ribbon or upright feather of fluted gold. When Ito and Okubo had rushed to completion the railway from Tokyo to Yokohama, and, for the first time in all history, four merchants in the cheap clothes prescribed by sumptuary laws, instead of groveling on hands and knees, actually stood in the presence of Majesty, the Emperor again, but for the last time in public, wore the ancient costume. After that event Mutsuhito donned modern dress.

Satsuma, national unity, sovereignty, and reconstruction were the problems confronting the young Emperor. In Kyoto, when only eleven years old, he had seen war-fires, cannonading, and bloody fighting when the Choshiu men attempted to storm the city against the Yedo garrison, hoping to seize the Imperial prize. Now the dread fear was of the even more warlike clan, Satsuma. In the Tokyo of 1872–1873 our daily feast consisted of these rumors of reaction, of "the return of the Shogun to power," or of Satsuma's determination to "drive out the bad counselors of the young Emperor." When the clansmen from the south, fierce of mien, scowling at foreigners, and with their long swords restless in their crimson scabbards, filled the streets of

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Tokyo, one felt that a Smith & Wesson in one's breast pocket was a friend indeed. What terror there was in the palace it is useless to deny when, in 1874, the Satsuma men, who virtually dominated the army and navy, defied the Government and sailed to Formosa, invading territory then claimed by China. Such apparent lawlessness seemed to paralyze the cabinet. For several days the young Emperor sat alone at the council table save with one member, who himself told me of the incident. Nevertheless, when Formosa was reached, and the savage head-hunters, who had driven off with bloodshed American and German marines and sailors, were soundly thrashed, Okubo the lion-hearted was sent alone to Peking. There, with Mutsuhito's backing, he refused to discuss the matter even at the risk of war, according to Chinese dogma, but only in obedience to international law. Japan won thus her first case at the world's tribunal, and China paid indemnity. Yet was not Satsuma satisfied, nor until, in 1877, after seven months' fighting and the loss of twenty thousand lives—Saigo, the leader, committing *hara-kiri*—was this element of trouble eliminated. Peasant lads, in the new national army, had been matched against the most famous swordsmen and Samurai of Japan, and won. No sublimer sight was ever seen in the land than when the conquering but silent regiments, without beat of drum or sound or sight of exultant triumph, marched to their barracks in Tokyo. Yet those bayonets of the infantry, nicked, bent, or broken, told the story. Against sectionalism and aristocracy, in the crossing of steel, the nation and the common man had won. To-day the most striking monument in the Mikado's capital is a colossal bayonet set upright on a pedestal. After Saigo and his host, it was craven folly to fear Chinese or Russian.

Yet herein, brilliant as a meteor, steady as a sunbeam, shines the splendor of Mutsuhito's dominating trait of character—forgiveness. Sorrowing that this former friend and adviser had lifted up sword against him, Mutsuhito's charity quickly healed the wounds of war. To-day, as for nearly thirty years past, the great Saigo—sword of the revolution of 1868, as Okubo was its brain, Kido its pen, and Ito its heir—stands in bronze. Yet the effigy is not of a soldier in uniform or a statesman in civic dress, but rather the Saigo of loyal days, when, pretending to be a rustic hunter only, over the hills he loved to roam, with gun and

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dog, blinking the scrutiny of spies while dreaming of the future of the Mikado's supremacy.

Nor was this the only instance of Imperial clemency. Again and again has Mutsuhito forgiven, personally welcomed, and appointed to high office men once in arms against his loyal soldiers. Pretenders to the throne, rebels, insurgents, figureheads of the factions of sedition, now sit at the banquet. The old Shogun Keiki, invited long ago back to Tokyo and made a prince of the Empire, illustrates in hale old age Mutsuhito's "charity to all and malice to none." Looking at the heart, knowing the limits of light and knowledge, and setting these against the technical offense, the Emperor knew how to gain devoted servants and passionately loyal friends, thus uniting the nation. One of his own poems bids the national soldier ever to strike hard for his country, but never in hate; and when the victory is won to love his foe and minister to him.

Again, most signally this Imperial man's tenacity of friendship has been repeatedly shown. Japanese ivy is both beautiful and adherent. How often has the Mikado's heart been tortured as he stood in loneliness between memories of a sword-gashed friend and the pool of his life-blood. The friends of his youth, these Elder Statesmen, were not only wise counselors, honored and beloved, but toward them the Emperor had almost a filial reverence. Yet how ghastly the list of the assassinated or the wounded! Omori, Mori, Okubo, Ito, and others less known abroad, slain outright! Iwakura saved only by a fall at night into the water of the castle moat! Okuma, with but one leg, maimed by a dynamite bomb! Yet in no case was the will of the Emperor changed by plots or murder. In every instance Mutsuhito at once heaped posthumous honors on his servant and raised to a higher grade of nobility the family of the victim. To those who survived murderous attack he gave every outward sign of Imperial favor. Did Komura—my pupil during three years—before the Russians at Portsmouth score the triumph really desired by statesmen, winning point by point the treaty that fixes Japan permanently on the Asian continent? What booted the rage of the mob, fed on yellow journalism, or even the bitterness of military men over the verdict—"No indemnity"? Against vows of death and schemes of conspirators Mutsuhito sent his servant telegrams of congratulation. The Imperial carriage

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and livery, with the Emperor's bodyguard at the dock, awaiting the envoy from America, followed by immediate audience before the throne, calmed the popular storm and sheathed the assassin's dirk. When in 1900 the new treaties which restored full sovereignty to Japan went into effect, foreigners feared. Twelve years have shown the vanity of their forebodings. One word from Mutsuhito, asking his people to be true to their traditions of politeness, settled the matter.

Herein lies the inmost secret of Mutsuhito's strength, revealing how he swayed the national heart as the wind bends the forest trees. He won the loyalty of his servants and his people by calling them back to ancient and cherished ideals, showing them his own heart also. Never dazzled by brute strength or mere force, military or personal, he discerned and rewarded the finer strength of civic virtue. Here is one of his own mind-revealers, his stanza on loyalty:

> "There is no second way whereby to show
> The love of Fatherland.
> Whether one stand
> A soldier under arms, before the foe,
> Or stay at home, a peaceful citizen,
> The way of loyalty is still the same."

One may truly assert that this unfeudal, this un-Confucian, this un-Buddhist Emperor of Japan never hated an enemy or forsook a friend.

Let the future biographers, native or foreign, tell of Mutsuhito's statesmanship, his undoubted political ability, and his power to decide for national action in great crises. The material is abundant, and the events, in this the longest-known reign in Japanese history, are many. All the great documents of the Meiji era, whatever their literary dress or whoever be their penman, are from Mutsuhito's brain and heart. The three of supreme importance are, of course, the Charter Oath, the Constitution of 1889, and the Rescript on Education. In both style and matter the last of these belongs to the world's deathless literature.

They who see in Mutsuhito only a nominal ruler, who reigned but did not govern, do not know history nor the secrets of the palace. Besides a daily diligence in public business that was new to Japan, the final debate in every case, between the giants in opposition, was held before the throne. Where in 1876 the war party, led by Saigo, clamored for instant invasion of Korea to avenge insults, and Okubo,

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who saw that to fight then meant playing into the hands of Russia, led the opponents, Mutsuhito decided in favor of diplomacy and peace. The olive branch, sent on a peaceful armada modeled on the Perry plan, won for Korea that only independence she ever had. Later on the debates upon the provisions of the Constitution lasted four months. When the wild individualism of able party leaders threatened both the stability of constitutional government and paralysis of national development, Mutsuhito's personal remonstrance transformed vagrant ambition and anarchic egotism into loyalty and patriotism. When deadlock between cabinet and diet or between the two Houses menaced the nation's life, Mutsuhito wielded wisely his reserved powers, and the Japanese Constitution—the hope of all Asia—sent the ship of State on a sure voyage of progress.

To this or that favorite statesman, native or alien writer (usually the latter) may give the title of the "Bismarck of Japan," and other more or less dazzling epithets may cling to men who happen to be known abroad; but the simple fact remains that behind them all stood this quiet, forceful man, who knew his servants and the limits and possibilities of himself and his Empire. His strength lay in choosing and appraising men. No ruler in Europe or Asia between 1890 and 1912 could excel Mutsuhito in this discernment of ability and character. I fear not the assertion that in all his direct appointments his judgment was unerring.

Mutsuhito feared not to let his trusted servants, in peace or war, have a free hand. How well Ito and Togo, for example, knew this! Mutsuhito never meddled with details unless imperatively necessary. He led the leaders. No wonder that the naval hero of Tsushima ascribed the sole glory of victory "to the virtue of the Emperor's ancestors." In the light of Oriental piety, no greater compliment could be paid to Mutsuhito himself. One always blesses a son through his parents and forebears. It is fixed custom.

Yet what were all Mutsuhito's solid character and patent abilities compared with the traits of his common humanity? Greater morally than his abolition of feudalism and of extra-territoriality, or the victories over the sort of European diplomacy that would keep Japan subject—with such episodes as the direct offer, in 1868, of armed intervention against his Government by the France of Louis Napoleon; or, later, the convoy by a German war-clad of an infected

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vessel in defiance of Japan's hygienic laws; or Russia's seizure with bloodshed of Tsu Island in 1861—was Mutsuhito's emancipation proclamation, as noble as Lincoln's. I lived in Japan when nearly one million of the Emperor's subjects were outside the pale of humanity and reckoned as *Hi-nin* (not human). Victims of age-old religious prescription or outcast from obscure social reasons, these followers of despised occupations, butchers, leather-workers, handlers of corpses, and so forth, suffered under a caste ban as cruel as that of India. Scarcely could I get a student, or even a dog, to go with me through their villages. To-day soldiers as brave as ever fought under the sun banner—I have the testimony from Kuroki's own lips—and men of wealth, light, and leading are among these "New Commoners." Once cut down by swashbucklers as vermin—as I witnessed—they now enrich the nation with unsuspected talent. Yet how few writers on Japan know of the Imperial edict that made these people citizens!

Conceive, if you can, of the vast moral strength that comes to a people who place implicit confidence in their ruler, and you have the secret of invincible Japan of the Meiji era dating from 1868. He who might have blocked or hindered the movement toward national unity and renascence, which began a century and a half before Perry's advent, not only led it, but became its chief motor and constant reinforcement. Mutsuhito had ever the open mind to choose the needed good.

Whatever the future may reveal of the political ethics or the national purposes of the Japanese, the example and inspiration of Mutsuhito will long purify and perdure. His life is a beacon and standard. Whatever social outworkings from within or dangers from without may menace Everlasting Great Japan, Mutsuhito's heart-thought of January 1, 1904, penned in view of the impending Russian storm, will serve as the nation's watchword:

> "The ancient pine-trees on the mossy rocks
> Stand fast against all storms; their roots are strong
> And deeply bedded in the heart of earth.
> So shall Heaven bless our land with rooted peace,
> To stand unshaken 'midst the shock of time,
> 'Midst jarring tumults and all outward foes."

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

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A NATIONAL CONTRIBUTION

BY EDITH WYATT

On a wet, December evening, after everybody else had gone to bed, I once picked up a book and began to read. The whole house was still. I was dissatisfied with my thoughts not only on myself, but "on man, on nature, and on human life"—too dissatisfied either to face the difficulties that distressed me or to dismiss them.

I read for two hours a familiar novel of Mr. William Dean Howells, *The Son of Royal Langbrith*. This is the page at which I began.

"—the doctor asked, 'What do you think of the man who takes the life of another's soul—destroys his soul? It was a woman's expression.' The judge smiled intelligently. 'I should imagine. But I should doubt whether it could be done. Do you want to engage me for the defense?'"

For the rest of the two hours I lived the days of Dr. Anther in the town of Saxmills. I lived the tissue of the existence of Hawberk, the opium victim whose soul was being destroyed, and of his daughter who comforted his nightmares, and of the men and women there whose fates were still affected by the evil exploitations of Royal Langbrith, now long dead. As Hawberk I struggled gradually to recovery. I sat with Dr. Anther in his office and talked to him of Langbrith, my dead enemy.

"I've seen the time when I wanted to go into the cemetery and dig him up and burn him, but I don't know as I do now. What do you say, Doct' Anther? Let bygones be bygones, as the fellow said about his old debts when he started in to make new ones? Still it does gravel me—"

Our library lamp had begun to go out. I was myself again. As it winked and gulped and I blew it out to darkness, I could see that up-stairs they had thoughtfully left the hall gas burning for me; and that, since it was late, and they would probably wake up when I put it out, I ought to go to

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bed. I went, filled with the thought of the wonder of the actual world and the adventures of its myriad souls, souls so magnificent, so funny, so tragic, so miraculous, each in his own way on his journey unlike that of any other soul.

I had known before that "life like a dome of many-colored glass stains the white radiance of eternity." But I had forgotten it, until the repose and charm of a work of art revealed the truth to me. Now that the multitudinous, differentiations of life had been suggested to me, I was able to look as through a crystal at my difficulties. Whatever they had been, I could have looked at them with a clearer mind, and as after a clarifying recreation.

It is for this I read fiction—for its imaginative realization of life, for its creative power. A book is no better to me than a dungeon, a party telephone, or any other formal accepted method of preventing genuine, human intercourse, unless I can live freely in its pages, unless I can emerge from the convincing truth of its world, back into my own ways, as from some sparkling sea-change into something rich and strange.

I turn to fiction to be metamorphosed, and literally for my re-creation. Of course I know there are other ways of reading novels.

"Who shall meet them at these altars—who shall light them to that shrine?
Velvet-footed who shall guide them to the goal?
Unto each his voice and vision, unto each his spoor and sign"—

People read novels as differently as they dance and dress and eat. Many, far from liking a thorough metamorphosis, feel a species of alarm before a work of fiction unless it has the quality of unreality. These readers prefer in a novel some rather violent presentment of which they are to be reassured as to its illusory character. They are with superficial, but without essential, difference the immemorial audience of Shakespeare's humorous outline, who must be continually told that the stage-lion is really Snug the joiner, and that the composition truly is child's play.

Others enjoy in the art of fiction only the reproduction of certain conventional literary effects. Their pleasure in reading is not in walking into the picture, but in looking to see whether it repeats some pattern they had delighted in before.

I love to walk into the picture. I love to read "dreaming true." I love to read myself awake in fresh fields and pastures new and to walk through them, letting down the bars

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on one unknown incarnation of existence after another. I wish a novel to maintain the old connotation of its name, and far from painting again a conventional and twice-told or hundred-times-told composition to give me a *Weltanschauung* which is new. I ask of a novelist not that he should convince me of the un-life-likeness of his fable, nor that he should repeat a pattern in writing, but that he should add an authoritative and original design, should evoke for the world his own peculiar and fresh impression of life—that he should contribute.

The genius of Mr. Howells contributes a great gallery of these impressions, an exhibition of social story heretofore untold, of country and city scenes, of human souls and characters in a variety and scope, which makes them, for readers who have the passion for dreaming true, a constant admiration, a beloved enjoyment, and what can only be described as a solid satisfaction.

Mark Twain says of him:

"For forty years his English has been to me a continual delight and astonishment. In the sustained exhibition of certain qualities—clearness, compression, verbal exactness, and unforced and seemingly unconscious felicity of phrasing—he is, in my belief, without his peer in the English-writing world. *Sustained*—I entrench myself behind that protecting word. There are others who exhibit these great qualities as greatly as does he, but only by intervalled distributions of rich moonlight with stretches of veiled and dimmer landscape between: whereas Howells's moon sails cloudless skies all night, and all the nights."

In the same essay Mark Twain describes one of Mr. Howells's felicitous methods of realizing a human scene to his reader so aptly that quotation from his appreciation is imperative:

"There is another thing which is contentingly noticeable in Mr. Howells's books. That is to say his 'stage directions.' . . . Some authors overdo the stage directions. . . . Other authors . . . have nothing in stock but a cigar, a laugh, a blush, and a bursting into tears. . . . They say:

"'. . . replied Alfred, flipping the ash from his cigar.' (This explains nothing; it only wastes space.)

"'. . . responded Richard with a laugh.' (There is nothing to laugh at, there never is. The writer puts it in from force of habit—automatically; he is paying no attention to his work or he would see there is nothing to laugh at.)

"'. . . murmured Gladys, blushing.' (This poor old shop-worn blush is a tiresome thing. We get so we would rather Gladys would fall out of the book and break her neck than do it again. . . . In a little while we hate her, just as we do Richard. . . . But I am friendly to Mr. Howells's

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stage directions; more friendly than any one else, I think. They are done with a competent and discriminating art, and are faithful to the requirements of a stage direction's proper and lawful office, which is to inform. Sometimes they convey a scene and its conditions so well that I believe I could see the scene and get the spirit and meaning of the accompanying dialogue if some one would read merely the stage directions to me and leave out the talk. For instance, a scene like this, from *The Undiscovered Country.*

"'. . . And she laid her arms with a beseeching gesture on her father's shoulder.'

"'. . . she answered, following his gesture with a glance.'

"'. . . she said, laughing nervously.'

"'. . . she asked, turning swiftly upon him that strange, searching glance.'

"'. . . she reluctantly admitted.'

"'. . . but her voice died wearily away, and she stood looking into his face with puzzled entreaty.'

"Mr. Howells does not repeat his forms, and does not need to; he can invent fresh ones without limit."

Innumerable authors can call spirits from the vasty deep of American life without ever making them come. Doubtless it is because he uses the right words to bring them that they answer Mr. Howells's summons, in such numbers and variety. Judges and traveling-men and lawyers and doctors and dressmakers and spiritualists and society leaders and farmers and cabin-boys and playwrights and inventors and agitators and convicts and clubmen and millionaires and boarding-house keepers and journalists and Shakeresses—men and women and children of all sorts and conditions.

They rise before you with the delicacy and right individuality of human friends. The society women are not social strugglers bound up in the possession of their poodles and tiaras, but the sensible and distinguished Mrs. Bowen of the Italian-American consular circles and the humorous limited and graceful Nannie Corey of Boston. The dressmakers can speak in natural accents and without pins in their mouths; and you can like them and love them and look forward with delight to spending the afternoon with them. The former old farmer, Deacon Latham, talks to you, not of crops, but of whether his granddaughter is going to be homesick with her aunt in Venice. The clubmen are visible at instants when they are not tipping the waiter. You know one of them, Mr. Otis Binning, for instance, an elderly bachelor, far better than as though you had seen him hailing cabs and tipping waiters interminably, by one paragraph of a letter of

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his, written to a relative in Boston after he has been in New York two months:

"The literary superstition concerning us elderly fellows is (or used to be in the good, old Thackeray times) that we are always thinking of our first loves, and are going about rather droopingly on account of them. My own experience is that we are doing nothing of the kind. We are the only cheerful people in the world, and so long as we keep single we are impartially impassioned of almost every interesting type of woman we meet. I find the greatest pleasure in bestowing my affections right and left, and I enjoy a delightful surprise in finding them hold out in spite of my lavish use of them. If I totted up the number of my loves, young and old, since I came here early in December, Leperello's list would be nothing to it."

Mr. Howells's millionaires and agitators are men besides being millionaires and agitators. The vivid and moving tale of Dryfoos, the speculator and owner of the land where natural gas-wells are discovered; the portrait of Silas Lapham against the riches of his mineral-paint industry are of the profoundest force and wisdom of Mr. Howells's art. They are absolute. Of the same quality is the tragic figure of Lindau—the veteran German-American Socialist and translator, who has lost his hand in the Civil War. Here is this "agitator" as Basil March, now his editor, sees him in paying a visit to his old and beloved teacher in a New York tenement:

"March pushed the door open into a room like that on the left, but with a writing-desk instead of a cobbler's bench, and a bed, where Lindau sat propped up, with a coat over his shoulders and a skull-cap on his head, reading a book, from which he lifted his eyes to stare blankly over his spectacles at March. His hairy old breast showed through the night-shirt, which gaped apart; the stump of his left arm lay upon the book to keep it open.

"'Ah, my tear y'ong friendt! Passil! Marge! Iss it you?' he called out, joyously, the next moment.

"'Why, are you sick, Lindau?' March anxiously scanned his face, in taking his hand.

"'. . . No. I'm all righdt.' . . .

"As if he saw some appeal for greater frankness in March's eye, he went on. 'I tidn't gome here begause I was too boor to lif anywhere else, and I ton't stay in pedt begause I couldn't haf a fire to keep warm if I wanted it. I'm nodt zo badt off as Marmontel when he went to Paris. I'm a lidtle loaxurious, that is all. If I stay in pedt it's zo I can fling money away on somethings else. Heigh?'

"'But what *are* you living here for, Lindau?' March smiled at the irony lurking in Lindau's words.

"'Well, you zee, I foundt I was begoming a lidtle too moch of an aristograt. I hadt a room oap in Creenvidge Willage among dose pig

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pugs over on the West Side, and I foundt'—Lindau's voice lost its jesting quality, and his face darkened—'that I was beginning to forget the boor!'

"'I should have thought,' said March, with impartial interest, 'that you might have seen poverty enough now and then in Greenwich Village to remind you of its existence.'

"'Nodt like here,' said Lindau. 'Andt you must zee it all the dtime—zee it, hear it, smell it, dtaste it—or you forget it. That is what I gome here for. I was begoming a ploated aristograt. I thought I was nodt like these beple down here, when I gome down once to look aroundt; I thought I must be somethings else, and zo I zaid I better take myself in time, and I gome here among my brothers—the beccars and the thiefs!' A noise made itself heard in the next room, as if the door were furtively opened, and a faint sound of tiptoeing, and of hands clawing on a table. 'Thiefs!' Lindau repeated, with a shout. 'Lidtle thiefs that gabture your breakfast. Ah! Ha! Ha!' A wild scurrying of feet, joyous cries and tittering and a slamming door followed upon his explosion, and he resumed in the silence: 'Idt is the children cot pack from school. They gome out and steal what I leaf there on my daple. Idt's one of our lidtle chokes; we understand each other.'"

Among all his portraits none are more arresting than Mr. Howells's presentations of speculative American natures—Dr. Boynton, Fulkerson, Colville, Mr. Waters, Wanhope, Hewson, March—perhaps there is a touch of the love of speculation in all his American men. Indeed, it sometimes seems as though the passion for speculation, whether exemplified by men shouting in the pit, in the Board of Trade, or by the tendency to say "I guess," or by William James's "Will to Believe," or San Francisco's generous determination to give Ruef a chance in civic life after his prison term, were characteristic of almost all kinds of American men—their most deep-seated, national characteristic, and producing at once their meanest acts and their greatest. The trait is wonderfully revealed in *The Quality of Mercy, The Son of Royal Langbrith, The Undiscovered Country, A Hazard of New Fortunes.* Sometimes it is indicated with the perfection of irony.

"'It may be,' said Mr. Waters, with a carefulness to do justice to assassination which made Colville smile, 'that the modern scientific spirit may be able to evolve something useful from the principle (of assassination), but considering the enormous abuses and perversions to which it is liable, I am very doubtful of it—very doubtful.'

"'. . . Don't you think the modern scientific spirit could evolve something useful out of the old classic idea of suicide?"

"'Perhaps,' said Mr. Waters. 'I haven't yet thought it over. The worst thing about suicide—and this must always rank it below political assassination—is that its interest is purely personal.'"

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Sometimes the passion for speculation is conveyed with an ineffable emotion and beauty that lie too deep for tears, as in the death of Dr. Boynton.

Again, the charm of a fancied plan for the sake of the glamour of chance is perfectly evoked, as it shines in a boy's heart, in *The Flight of Pony Baker*—told with a warmth, a funniness, a justice to the soul of a child, which make you feel that every boy on earth needs to be understood as delicately as Howells understands Pony Baker, and ought to be as responsibly cherished.

In general I believe that cosmopolitanism and international understanding are better served by the novelist who discovers to the world the natures of his own countrymen as they develop in their own land, than by the novelist who contributes his guess about the inhabitants of other countries. Of course, Mr. Henry James, distinguished genius in surmise, his reverence and absoluteness in " making out " the texture of the spirits of the men and women of other countries, as well as of his own, are a complete exception. His endowment and career in this kind are not only supreme and peerless; I think they are unique. Thackeray's Florac and Mr. Howells's Lindau and his wonderful delineation of an Austrian officer in *A Fearful Responsibility,* Mr. Galsworthy's Louis Ferrand, and Arnold Bennett's French aeronaut in *The Old Wives' Tale,* all seem compact of essential truth. One can call to mind many a solitary and occasional figure and even group, in literature, created and presented with verity by a novelist of an alien nation. But in general I believe the great and authoritative tale a writer has to tell the world will be the tale of life in his own land. Whatever else he may say, Daudet tells the tale of the boastful, the fatuous and irresistible Midi unless he tells the tale of the worldly sparkle and the worldly tragedy of Paris. Whatever else he may say, Turgénief tells the tale of the brooding sadness and oppression of liberty-loving Russia. Whatever else he may say, Howells tells the tale of the speculative soul of America. The " French " novels, the " Russian " novels, the " American " novels of these writers are not " views " of these countries caught through the fancy nor upon a railroad journey, nor assembled from popular reports; they are knowledge of these nations learned through the penetration and imaginings of enriching years of life.

I believe there is no way in which a novel *has* to be made.

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Or, if there is, it certainly should be opposed for its arbitrariness, in the interest of truth. But the novel in whose pages I dream true most fully is generally made, or rather grows, from the natural actions of its men and women, instead of having its movement worked from outside, as it were, by the determination and ingenuity of the author. I know that in the English of "criticism," or maybe it is the English of advertising, the words "novel of action" are ordinarily used to mean "novel of mechanism"; and that a gay book where the characters are manipulated smartly from spot to spot to suit a skilful plan of the author, as in a marionette theater or a game of chess, is called a "novel of action"; and a novel like *The Old Wives' Tale* or *Fathers and Sons* or *The Quality of Mercy,* where the men and women are not pawns or marionettes, but figures of flesh and blood, and are not mechanically manipulated, but act, is never called a "novel of action." So that when one employs the word "action" to indicate in fiction anything else but sword-play, one must qualify the term. I admire Mr. Howells's books because they are made of the *natural* actions of men and women, succeeding and struggling and failing and cheating and hating and loving and parting and marrying and dying. I admire a story of the burning hopes and desires of idealistic youth, like *The Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker*; and the absurd and tragic episode of his arrest and his night and day in the police-station are among the most dramatic situations I have ever seen in any novel. I admire a story of the misunderstanding of different generations; and the scene where Dryfoos stands by his son's coffin in *A Hazard of New Fortunes* is one of the most intense scenes I have ever lived in on a printed page. I admire a story of passion and jealousy and infidelity like *A Modern Instance;* and a story of crime and of human forgiveness and the punishments of the heart and of the law like *The Quality of Mercy;* and a story of the freshest romance of love, like *The Lady of the Aroostook.* All the score and more of Mr. Howells's novels present the movement of human nature with the arresting and convincing clearness of realization, with abiding fictive power.

Whatever scene or situation Mr. Howells imprints has always the air of being an integral part of the whole wide world. You are not oppressed as you sometimes are in the presence of some other scenes and situations in literature—

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by a starved sense of the violent fictive isolation of some "set" of people, who seem to be cut off from all healthful nourishment from the common springs of the various, actual life of the globe.

These social scenes and situations are as various and heretofore untold as Mr. Howells's characters — the public masked ball Mrs. Bowen, Imogen, and Colville attend in Florence; the shooting of Conrad Dryfoos in the car riot; the dedication of the library at Saxmills to the hypocritical exploiter of his townsmen, by his victims; Marcia Hubbard's meeting on the Boston afternoon street, with the girl her husband has wronged; the snow battle in *Fennel and Rue*— many other aspects and deeds of life, newly observed and lucidly revealed.

Among all these scenes I chance to like best those that breathe the charm and scent of tangled, outdoor places. That ragged, sharp-branched look of the roads and woods, even of settled country, in America, that look which is somehow of the very essence of a rough sweetness and homeliness, gives me an indescribable and peculiar delight such as one finds in a change of weather or the honk of a wild duck.

"At the verge of a westward-sloping valley was a stretch of many hundred acres, swept by a forest fire a few years before, and now rank with the vegetation which the havoc had enriched. Blueberries and huckleberries, raspberries and blackberries, battened upon the ashes of the pine and oak and chestnut, and flourished round the charred stumps; the strawberry matted the blackened ground and ran to the border of the woods, where, among the thin grass, it lifted its fruit on taller stems, and swung its clusters in the airs that drew through the alleys of the forest. Here and there were the shanties of Canadian wood-cutters, whom the Shakers had sent to save what fuel they might from the general loss, and whom, at noonday, the pickers came upon as they sat in pairs at their doors, with a can of milk between them, dusky, furtive, and intent as animals. From the first of the strawberries to the last of the blackberries, the birds and chipmunks feasted and only stirred in short flights when the young Shakeresses, shy as themselves, invaded the banquet."

The whole of *The Undiscovered Country* has this openness and sweetness, the ineffable aspect of "free grace." To those who read "dreaming true" a vital novel will say— just as the presence of a friend will say—by all its ways and in its whole outline and gesture something no other creation can tell.

". . . toute âme
Donne à quelqu'un

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Sa musique, sa flamme,
Ou son parfum."

It is so, that every creative book breathes to the reader dreaming true a special vision of existence. It is so, that each of Mr. Howells's novels says by its presence, something about life which none of its drama alone, nor its scene alone, nor its narrative, nor its characters can tell. It is, I think, the souls in a novel which make its soul. Only art or the living presence may evoke the soul. It is not by speaking of them you know the souls of Mr. Howells's men and women, which are the finest evocations of his art; nor know the soul of each of his novels, but only by reading them.

While each of Mr. Howells's novels sings its own melody, it keeps the time of "the ragged rhythm of life." The incongruous contrasts, the familiar queernesses and illogicality of mortal circumstances—the quality in the fates that makes one almost able to rely upon their being irrational and unexpected in their determination—weave that seizing rhythm through all Mr. Howells's fiction.

After you come home from hearing the exquisite cadences of the low cornices of Parisian avenues, and the engulfing richnesses of Notre Dame, your spirit will be more engulfed, will be searched to its last fastnesses, as you come into New York Harbor, by that same ragged rhythm and close harmony in the architectonics of the New York sky-line. There is no other music like that music of the New York sky-line and of Howells's pages, music telling you the kingdoms of the world are not all main streets, but the cross-streets and the side streets; saying that the days of earth are pulsing here, as fully and as wonderfully as upon her highways, in her cornered byways and the intervals of her great silent places. Maybe this is not what Mr. Howells's music says to other readers. This is what it says to me, at once with the intimacy and originality which is greatness and the truth which is poetry.

Among the ninety-odd titles of Mr. Howell's books, I mention at random, to indicate their range in form, *The Mother and the Father* (dramatic passages), *Stops of Various Quills* (poems), *London Films* (travels), *Vittorio Alfieri* (biography), *Christmas Every Day* (a tale for children), *Through the Eye of the Needle* (sociological satire), *Imaginary Interviews* (collected editorials), *My Year in a Log Cabin* (autobiography) *Parting Friends* (a farce),

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Questionable Shapes (tales of the supernatural), *A Previous Engagement* (comedy), *Criticism and Fiction* (literary criticism).

These titles, in narrating in some sort the variety in form of Mr. Howell's work, do not of course even indicate, far less represent, its extensive variety of treatment and material. A mere title cannot tell the simplicity and distinction of the tragedy "Bride Roses," whose touch is like the cool petal of a flower nor the unique funniness and aptness of "The Elevator" and "The Register."

"Besides, you've no principles—and I *have*."
"Oh, I've lots of principles, Nettie, but I've no practice."

Mr. Howells's phrasing, which speaks so fittingly in this instance the tongue of the dialogue of farce, is plastic to any form because it is, as Wordsworth says language should always be, "The incarnation of thought," rather than "The dress of thought."

This very quality of being the incarnation of thought which makes the dialogues of the farces funny gives Mr. Howells's verse and his poems the dignity of being always the sincere expression of a natural mood. Essential as the sincere expression of a natural mood is to the presence of poetry for my own enjoyment, it happens that the rest of Mr. Howells's work has poetry for me in a greater degree than his metrical lines in general. But in particular there are some of them which sing the loveliest poetry of familiarity, the profound preciousness of life, with the quiet, immortal echo of perfect simplicity:

"The first time, when at night I went about
Locking the doors and windows everywhere,
After she died, I seemed to lock her out
In the starred silence and the homeless air,
And leave her waiting in her gentle way
All through the night, till the disconsolate day,
Upon the threshold, while we slept, awake:
Such things the heart can bear and yet not break."

The objection has been made to Mr. Howells's poetry, as to other work of his, that it is sad. Such a criticism, in the character of an object, seems to me inept. For if expression does not recognize sadness, how can it give comfort? I will go further than this and say that I believe that not only is there no comfort for sadness in the expression which implies an ignoring of loss or an ignoring of injustice or of

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hardship upon earth, but that the completest mercy of mirth itself remains unknown to him who never ate his bread with tears.

In his editorial writing, too, in social criticism and literary criticism, in biography and autobiography, as in his novels and poems, I am cheered by the fact that Mr. Howells is not of those who consider, like Dickens's people at the picnic, that "whatever is the matter we ought always to dance." I am reassured because he has no alarming, credulous confidence that all that is in American institutions is right; and reassured because his national interest has none of that fatalistic depressing "patriotism" contained in the phrase, "My country, right or wrong," of which Mr. Chesterton remarks that it is as though one should say, "My mother, drunk or sober." This pessimistic species of "patriotism" seems especially undesirable in a critic.

For if the tones of novels, of plays, of poems present, for the reader who reads dreaming true, the inner life, the moods of some changed existence, it would seem to be the function of those other arts in letters which may be loosely called criticism—editorial and biographical writing, travels and reviews—less to assert a devotion to the errors of one's nation than to open a window for the reader upon its ideas and affairs as a part of the ideas and affairs of the whole world.

In this field Mr. Howells has offered to his readers a view of more scope than that displayed by any other of our men of letters I can call to mind. It was he who, as Mr. William Allen White has pointed out, expressed the idea of altruism to America in a day when that principle was chiefly regarded here simply as "a curious theory." It was he who, as Mr. Frank Harris has pointed out, spoke for freedom of belief and against the murder of the Chicago anarchists, in a day when the whole mind of the American public was as closed, as darkened and insane a bedlam on the subject as the mind of Massachusetts once had been upon the subject of the practical necessity of burning witches.

It has been Mr. Howells in a very great degree who has helped America to know, by his acumen and by the generosity and warmth of his appreciation, the power and genius of the great Russians Turgénief and Tolstoi, the drama of Ibsen and Björnsen, the dreaming glamour of Du Maurier, since so widely worshiped and apparently so widely forgotten, the thrilling supernaturalism of Haupt-

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mann, the enchanting light on life that falls from the fresh and spiritual tales of the Spanish Valdés and the Italian Verga. His enlightening survey of the ideas of the world reaches not only around us and before us, but back to the true romance and immortal irony of Cervantes and the wisdom of Machiavelli.

Letters is of all others the social art. By social I mean communicative, intended for every one. A marked gift of Mr. Howells, as a critic, is his talent of geniality, that ambassadorial grace of a man of the world, which is also the grace of genuine democracy and makes the reader feel in the presence of a thrilling, new idea, or a distinguished, revelative piece of literature as though this were one's natural sphere.

In his service to the great cause of good reading, reading for the realization of what is before the reader, reading for the free and inspiring reception of new truth, Mr. Howells's career as a critic has been of incalculable value to all American letters. By a psychological process very comprehensible, the sort of fiction-reader who likes to be subconsciously assured that the stage-lion is only Snug the joiner, and that the bloodshed, violence, and oppression he is reading about are not as they are in nature but are all child's play—by a very facile turn of thought this sort of reader is apt, when he sees a real lion brought upon the stage by a truthful journalist or reviewer or publisher, to soothe himself by thinking there is nothing to the lion, and he is artificial; apt to soothe himself about some honest factual account of suffering, of poverty or oppression on our earth, by thinking it must be just an illusory story—without reality. The worst effect of the opiate manner of reading fiction is that it unavoidably begets an opiate manner both of reading and of facing fact. Still more than for the writers and the readers of fiction, Mr. Howells's constant stand for the clear discriminations of the truth is of value for the writers and the readers of facts supporting the whole press, the book, the periodical, the newspaper press—all the readers and writers who are or ought to be concerned with the candid presentation of contemporary history.

The clear discriminations of truth in public expression are especially necessary for our own country where all confusion of verity is certain to become worse confounded from the

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circumstance that its people are more heterogeneous, of more various traditions and races and tongues, than those of any other one land.

In his life-long service for the realization of truth, both as a constructive critic and as a creative artist, Mr. Howells has, I think, made for his nation an immortal contribution to the cause of social sympathy and genuine common understanding which is the great end of all letters.

Who can come away from the sincerity of his pages without a sense of the profound poetry of realization, the poetry of knowing life? Who can come away without the belief that nothing else is so vital and so thrilling an adventure as to know one's own life, in one's own place on this actual earth of one's own day and generation?

For whatever our uncertainty, our dream, or faith about the eternities before us and behind us, we have by the proof of our senses this miraculous existence here. In this we know that the greater and deeper achievement of truth bestowed upon us by each generation is all that has helped us to more free enjoyment and fairness, all that has helped us to understand our fellow-mortals more generously and more rightly on our mysterious journey, and to warm and sustain one another more richly from the unknown fire of life kindled in us in the beginning. No names are more honored nor more loved than those which stand for the greater and deeper achievement of truth.

One cannot give thanks exactly for their contribution, for thanks are too little and too personal a thing to give, besides being rather unnatural. One's feeling for the things one cares about is less the sense of thanks than simply one of happiness. It is more with that sense than with any other that one thinks about the beautiful and continuing career of a constant truth-teller, the beloved and honored name of William Dean Howells.

EDITH WYATT.

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COSMOPOLITANISM AND CATHOLICISM

BY THE VERY REVEREND MONSIGNOR ROBERT HUGH BENSON

It is notoriously difficult to judge any world movement aright so long as its process continues. So self-important is humanity that each generation is apt to believe itself the pivot on which all civilization must turn, and to think its own point the most critical and epoch-making in the world's history. It is arguable, therefore, that the amazing development of the Cosmopolitan idea at the present day is no more important than last year's fashion in hats; but it is not likely. For Cosmopolitanism is not a mere whim; it has ascertainable causes; it is the last stage in a movement that has been developing for centuries; it is as inevitable a development of Patriotism as Patriotism is of the tribal instinct, and the tribal instinct of family affection.

First, then, Cosmopolitanism has, of course, been made suddenly effective by increased facilities for travel and communication. So long as each village was, for the greater part of the year, surrounded by impassable tracts, village politics were of more importance than the procedure of an Empire. When roads were built, patriotism began to move along them and link a thousand units in a common whole. So now when the *Titanic* can cry for help to two continents at once; when a commercial traveler in Bombay can discuss his business with a firm in London; when a Londoner can breakfast at home, take a late lunch in Paris, and dine in Italy another spirit has begun to live. A fluid, as new now as was the essence of Imperialism once, has begun to stream not only on the wires that run from St. Petersburg to Rome, but through the very miles of air that unite one Marconi station with another.

The result is largely a decrease of the old Patriotism, or rather its expansion. Men still prefer their own country to any other, but they defend their preference with an almost

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apologetic air; and even if they are not truly emancipated Cosmopolitans, at least they usually pretend to be so. They speak much of the "larger love" and the "aims of humanity" and the "common brotherhood of the race." The attitude is often unreal; but so, in a sense, is every pure ideal.

Next Cosmopolitanism is beginning to take shape in perceptible forms. The Hague Conference, for example, is one manifestation of the spirit; the United States of America afford a practical illustration of its working. In the former delegates of all civilized countries are attempting to establish a Supreme Tribunal whose decisions shall be final in matters of dispute—a tribunal which, if it ever effectively exists, will be a real "Parliament of man and federation of the world"; in the latter there is exhibited the amazing spectacle of a dozen separate and distinct nationalities, loyal to one flag, living in one country, and submissive not only to one government, but to one form of it too, and that essentially Democratic. And in a thousand other directions the same spirit exhibits itself, largely created, no doubt, by the extension and the demands of trade, but creating in its turn a real ideal of humanity at peace with itself, a humanity that no longer ranges itself with pride into national or local groups, but which, under a hundred inevitable divisions, looks to the whole of itself rather than to a part, and recognizes the bonds that unite it rather than the characteristics which break it up.

Now it is of the very nature of spirit as we know it to incarnate or precipitate itself in sensible forms. An ideal cannot exist except by the process of being real. A man or a nation is truly inspired only by a hope that changes slowly into faith. Patriotism must symbolize itself by a song or a flag or an Empire Day. It must do more than this. If it is to continue to enkindle the life of a nation it must find expression in practically every department of that nation's life. It will seek to embody itself in an art and literature of its own; it will attempt to produce an architecture to be called after its name; it will pride itself on the peculiar food that it eats and the hours at which that food is served. If, therefore, Cosmopolitanism is to remain as a realizable ideal toward which nations may continuously move, there must be found for it a series of such modes of expression; there must be not a National anthem, but a song of Humanity; not a flag that defies, but a standard

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which rallies; not a Thanksgiving Day for the rendering of gratitude that we are not as other men are, but for the rejoicing in the fact that other men are as we are, or, at the worst, a Day of Humiliation that the fact is not yet universally recognized.

Among the most mighty modes of expression for such ideals in the past there must be found a place for religion; for a religion is, after all, an attempt to sanctify an ideal—an attempt from this particular point of view to recognize that a bond of unity is more than human. Therefore, in the past as a nation rose to self-consciousness its unified spirit found a symbol in the idea of a king who was also a priest, who welded together the nation or the empire—that is, not only on its secular and external side, but in its internal and religious aspect also. Armies carried their gods into battle not merely because they were gods, but supremely because they were theirs. Gods fought against gods on behalf of their respective nationalities; for the gods symbolized in the most sacred possible manner the inner unity of the nations that respectively worshiped them and were thought to give divine sanction to the respective sides. Under the Christian dispensation the same symptoms have disclosed themselves. Humanly speaking, it was at least "convenient" (as the theologians say) that England, when under Elizabeth she wrenched herself free from the influence of the great Continental powers, when her nationalism became vividly apparent to herself, when, like a girl approaching womanhood, she became self-conscious and aware of her own grace—it was, humanly speaking, the most natural thing in the world for her to insist upon a national church. She was, in a sense, aware of herself as never before; her sovereign, for the first time (I think) in her history as a nation, never once crossed over to the Continent; and when, in the zenith of that tremendous reign, her one really formidable rival was wrecked before her eyes in her own seas, her principle of nationalism in religion was strongly established for so long as her insular nationality should remain. For now was the time, if ever, that the spirit of patriotism should define its own borders; and that definition could not be complete unless it were worked out into all the departments and planes of her national life. She produced a literature of poetry and drama that has been the envy of all generations since hers; she embodied an ideal of domestic architecture

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which even now we can only feebly reproduce. Supremely, therefore, she must have, too, a church and a worship of her own to sanctify her new-found insularity. She would tolerate, therefore, no divisions in her religious camp; and the Catholics on one side who appealed to a larger unity than she, and the Independents on the other who appealed to a smaller—both alike suffered at her hands, even to death; and explicitly, not because she desired, on one side, to repudiate the ideas of Catholicism, nor, on the other, to deny the rights of private judgment (for she claimed herself in some fashion to sanction these principles), but because she could not conceive of a loyalty to her secular unity which did not also express itself by obedience to her spiritual.

This is but one instance out of many illustrations of the principle that I am attempting to describe—*viz.*, that the household gods, tribal deities, and national churches are the natural and inevitable outcome of each bond of unity in its expanding development, since, whatever may be the truth or the falsehood of any given religion, man in the long run will insist on some species of faith. Rightly or wrongly he regards himself as something more than an animal; and he cannot, therefore, be content with any social ideal that remains wholly unrepresented on its spiritual side. (Even Robert Elsmere found himself impelled to build a church with a dome and stained glass windows.)

A tremendous question, then, awaits us as we contemplate the future of the Cosmopolitan. He may regard himself at present as no more than an interested globe-trotter, at home everywhere and in exile nowhere; or he may look with passionate devotion toward the Hague Conference as that government, in embryo, which is to bring about universal peace; he may even tolerate the idea of intermarriage of the white with the black and yellow races; but he cannot be wholehearted in his social and humanitarian faith unless he has found a religion to which he will look as at least a sanctifying symbol of the whole. He must cast away, if he is to be sincere in his professions, not only his narrow nationalism or his temperamental individuality, but the national church also to which his fathers belonged and his long-cherished Private Judgment in matters of his belief. If he can sink his social or national identity—if he can, by "losing himself, save himself" in temporal matters, so also must he lose himself and thereby save himself in spiritual life.

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Of course the first obvious answer is that Humanitarianism itself, more or less Theistic, must be the religion of the fast-approaching Cosmopolitanism of our grandchildren. Men will be united, we are told, on the spiritual side of their nature by a mystical recognition of their common humanity; and they will make, in time, as the glory and beauty of this ideal manifest themselves, as many sacrifices as any pagan has ever made for his tribal gods or any Mohammedan for Allah. But this answer is open to very severe criticism. For, first, the extreme vagueness of this faith is an insuperable obstacle to its popularity; and a capacity for becoming not only popular, but passionately popular, is an essential in this religion for which we are looking. High-thinking philosophers, apart in their towers and studies, may, as they assure us, become enamoured of the mere vision of a united humanity; but the "man in the street" asks for a faith that is more definite. He cannot usually see that his neighbor is particularly worthy of love or respect, unless he sees in his neighbor something greater than either his neighbor or himself. He cannot understand the force of the Second Great Commandment of the Law, unless he has at least some glimmering vision of the First. He insists, therefore, in spite of current prejudices to the contrary, on dogmas of some kind that tell him simply this; they may be, it is true, dogmas that have little or no relation to fact, but they must be dogmas. And dogmas are just those things that Humanitarianism cannot supply. He must have, too, some kind of localization in his faith; even the Quaker has his meeting-house and the nature-worshiper his garden, for men are not pure spirits, after all; and they demand, therefore, a faith that can be expressed, after some fashion or another, in those terms and conditions under which men themselves exist. It is not claimed here that an ideally lofty religion itself demands all these conditions (though even that has a great deal that might be said for it), but only that a popular religion which is to be to the Cosmopolitan what the National Church has been to Englishmen, what Puritanism was (and still is to a large extent) to American patriotism, and what Lutheranism has been until recently to Germany must be, at least to some extent, of this sort.

Precisely the same criticisms may be applied to the even more recent claim that the Religion of Humanity will consist of the elements common to all religions and no more.

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For if you strip from the great world religions—from, let us say, Confucianism, Buddhism, Paganism, Mohammedanism, Shintoism, and Christianity—all that differentiates each from the rest, you find, as a matter of fact, that you have simply rediscovered the old Humanitarianism in question. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has described it in his usual vivid manner, "There is no God and no hereafter, and you must just worry along somehow for the good of Humanity." And this simple code of faith and morals, however attractive to the Modern Thinker, never has been, is not, and never can possibly be a fount of inspiration to the vulgar. We vulgar persons must have a great deal more than that. We must have a series of dogmas and ceremonies; we must have a government that will govern authoritatively within its own sphere; we must have a faith that is particular enough to appeal to the individual and yet general enough to flourish, irrespective of nationality and temperament; and it will be an enormous additional advantage if it has some aroma of antiquity and the sentiment of history behind it. Finally, it it must be capable of being held, not merely by the vulgar or merely by the philosopher, but by both alike; otherwise it is not really Cosmopolitan at all in the sense that principally matters.

Now it appears to me simply amazing that so few of our Modern Thinkers ever seem to have dreamed, even theoretically, of the question as to whether Catholicism may not be the most suitable candidate in the field. It is obviously the fashion among many of them to concentrate their attention entirely on the dogmas of the Faith (which they reject); and it is only possible to suppose that this habit has led them to disregard its history and its general nature. It would be impertinent in this paper to discuss that dogmatic system; I am not concerned here with the truth or falsehood of its assertions, but only with the fact that if ever there were a religion that ought to be able to meet the new Cosmopolitan demand it is the Catholic religion. Its very name is Cosmopolitanism itself, translated into another mode of thought; only it is Spiritual Cosmopolitanism conceived two thousand years before its secular brother. For, first, it need not be put upon its trial to test whether it can survive transplanting, whether, that is, it can flourish only in certain climates. For its origin (humanly speaking) is Oriental, its philosophy Greek, its law and its language

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Latin, and its progenitor Semitic. Was there ever, in the whole history of religion, a faith compounded of so many elements, a system so completely cosmopolitan, ages before the word was ever dreamed of or its contents imagined? And this astounding origin has had an equally astounding development. Its heart to-day is in Italy; it is at war in France; it is at peace in Spain; it numbers among its most furious defenders Danes and Englishmen—children of the men who once cast it out; it is probably, with all its supposed intransigence and obscurantinism, by far the most effective spiritual agency in the United States; it is making, in spite of its Western history, a progress in Oriental lands to which the detached and broad-minded Protestant aspires in vain. And so far as its rivals are concerned—rivals, that is, in the opinion of those who know little of their own faith and less of those which they commend—as for Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism, and the rest—these have in scarcely one instance extended their activities beyond the lands which saw their birth, even though they have had centuries more to do it in; and, where they have, it has been with results that have been disastrous to all that which the Western world understands by the word Civilization. Christianity embalmed the library of Alexandria, and Mohammedanism destroyed it; Christianity was making haste to shore up the tottering walls of Rome, and the Goths burned it.

Next Catholicism supplies that which alone, in truth, is really common to all world religions. Men differ violently about dogmas, but as to the value of ceremonies they are at one. They differ as to the value of life—Christianity tells us that it is the one thing worth having, the one created thing that is properly speaking "eternal"; Buddhism tells us that it is the supreme evil to be evaded at all costs. They differ as to the character and even as to the existence of a Personal Ruler of the universe; as to the morals that are in accord with everlasting principles; as to the nature of sin and virtue and forgiveness and the rest. But they are practically all unanimously agreed as to the necessity of a Priesthood, the atonement of sacrifice, the value of ceremonies, and the grace of a liturgy. They are agreed, that is, as to the value of a medium between this world and the next, as to the usefulness of external and sacramental acts in reconciling the natural and the supernatural, even though they may not be agreed as to the nature or super-

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nature of either. If human instinct, that is to say, is any indication of human needs, Catholicism, with its hierarchy, its ritual, and its sacramental system, is at least a serious claimant for the place of a universal religion; in so much as it holds, as Protestantism and Humanitarianism do not, that external element in religion which all world faiths continually manifest.

Next we considered just now that a cosmopolitan religion must be capable of wide adaptability; it must not be emphatically Western or Eastern or civilized or barbarous; it must be of a nature that will appeal to all alike; and we saw that the history of Catholicism entitles it to that claim. But the wider its extensiveness the more rigid must be its central authority. One cannot with safety "lengthen the cords" unless simultaneously one "strengthens the stakes." A cosmopolitan religion that changes its dogmas or its characteristics to suit the temperament of this or that nation will not long remain cosmopolitan; it will break up, through the inevitable strain put upon it, into national fragments. In fact, the moment it issues varying editions of itself to suit varying demands, it ceases *ipso facto* to be really Cosmopolitan. Now the rigidity and authoritativeness of Catholicism are so marked as to have become a reproach in the mouth of its enemies. Men who still regard individualism, or voluntary congregationalism, or even nationalism, as sacred and final limitations—who claim, that is, that the characteristics which divide men from one another are more holy than the bonds which unite them—accuse Catholicism of too great an authoritativeness and too little regard toward those private and national rights. But these men are exactly not Cosmopolitans. In other words, therefore, they bear witness to the very characteristic which a catholic or cosmopolitan religion must have and assert that Catholicism supereminently possesses them. It is precisely those limitations and divisions that Cosmopolitanism transcends; and it is precisely those same limitations that Catholicism overrides. In her tremendous claim to possess an authority that is not only superhuman, but actually divine, in her assertion that she offers to the world, not a body of divinity that is the result of men's researches, but a deposit of truth that has been revealed from above, she can assume, logically and reasonably upon her premisses, an authority to which men must conform themselves in disregard of their own

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personal likes or dislikes; and thereby present herself to the world as possessing supremely that vital characteristic of a Cosmopolitan religion — a bond to unite the whole of humanity in a common faith that must be accepted by all, alike and equally, in spite of personal idiosyncrasies.

Next, it has been seen how great an advantage it will be if the Cosmopolitan religion can present herself to the world with an aroma of antiquity about her and an appeal to sentiment arising from her history. Now at first sight it might seem as if Confucianism or Buddhism or Hinduism has here the advantage over Catholicism; they have been in the world longer than any Christianity; they number, at any rate together, more adherents than Catholicism can claim. But the appeal of history, after all, does not lie in a mere lapse of years; it lies rather in the interest of what has taken place during those years and in the development of the great principles by which humanity advances. And emphatically, judged by this test, Catholicism makes a greater historical appeal than can either of the other three religions that have been named. For while India and China have practically stood still under the influence of their national religions, in such a manner that the China and India of to-day—except so far as they have been affected by the influence of Christian Europe—are almost identical with the China and India of a thousand or two thousand years ago—civilization and development have gone forward under the energy of Catholicism in such a manner as to make the history of Europe the most astonishingly interesting story that the world has ever witnessed. It has been with Christianity, as its Founder said that it would be: there has been a leaven in the world whose activity is beyond that of all hitherto known forces; the very crimes, the very over-civilization of Europe, its extravagances and its adventures, are in themselves a witness of the history-making vitality of the religion under which it has moved. Other great world-religions may be compared to the reaches of the sea, venerable indeed and august, yet sterile so far as earthy life is concerned; while Catholicism resembles rather a River of Life, giving birth first to luxuriant vegetation, then to animal life, and at last bearing upon its flanks vast cities and polities of men who draw their life from her, wash away their filth, and develop their human societies. If Western civilization is an advance upon Eastern, if the restless romance which first discovers and then

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populates America, which tears her secrets from nature, which tames her forces and penetrates to her secret places, which has given us the art of the Renaissance and the Democratic modern state—if this is a true even though sometimes an extravagant development of human resource, then the Religion under which these things have gone forward is more fitted to represent Cosmopolitan ideals and can appeal more confidently to the testimony of history than can those other religions that have produced the fakir and the Brahmin, under whose shadow old men have sat down to regard human life with resigned despair in the place of facing it with the determined interest of the healthy child. With the Orient a thousand years have been as one day: in Catholicism one day rather is a thousand years.

Finally, Catholicism can claim, as can no other religion which has yet existed, that her message is the same to the unlearned and learned alike: the Shepherd and the Wise Man kneel together at her sacred shrines; and this, no less than the other characteristics which have been named, is an essential to any Cosmopolitan Faith. For the true Cosmopolitan is as impatient of the divisions of education and intelligence as he is of national or continental boundaries. He alone is the Democrat of knowledge as of all else; and he must have, therefore, a Faith that is as leveling as himself. Now the secret of Catholic unanimity is very simple; it is that which has been already spoken of — *viz.*, the Church's claim—accepted by her adherents—to a superhuman faith and a superhuman authority for its enforcement. For when a Religion is believed to consist of mysteries revealed by God, and not of intellectual conclusions attained by men, a high degree of intelligence is no more a necessary asset than simplicity of faith is an obvious defect. When two men stand together before Mount Everest, it makes no great difference if one be a giant and the other a dwarf: a few inches do not count for much before thirty thousand feet. In the same manner, when a Faith consists of infinite mysteries dimly discerned, though adequately for human needs, and not of a humanitarianism or a creed or a philosophy or a way of life built from below by human students and thinkers, Magus and Shepherd must alike kneel. It makes no great difference that one can read the stars from his high tower and the other only stare at them from his low-lying fields, where it is not the distance of the stars

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that is in question, but the Incarnation and descent of their infinite Maker. For a Cosmopolitan religion, therefore, there is needed a Supernatural Religion, since nothing but a Supernatural Religion can be adequate to the cosmopolitan needs; nothing can "make men to be of one mind in a house," nothing can obliterate the dividing-lines between sage and fool except a faith that is utterly transcendent of both, a faith that comes to the "house" from without and is not constructed or generated within. There will be esoteric and exoteric always; there will be one school for the philosophers and another for the plowmen; in a word, Cosmopolitanism cannot be true to itself unless the creed that claims the homage of all alike approaches them with divine sanctions, and the divine sanctions be accepted.

Now I have not attempted to discuss the contents of Catholicism, the dogmas which are so violently denied and so violently defended, nor even the rights of Catholicism to make the claims that are in question. All this would be impertinent in all senses of the word. Neither have I even attempted to discuss the crimes alleged against her, nor the charge that she has been untrue to the spirit of her Founder. This is not a theological review. I have attempted only to deal with facts that all men accept at the present; the fact of Cosmopolitanism and of its probable survival among us as the last and highest development of civilization; the fact that every other stage of civilization has demanded a religion which embodies and is thought to sanctify its spirit; and I have argued thence that the last stage of humanity's progress will presumably also look for its spiritual partner. And, finally, I have considered the fact that Catholicism, accepted as it is by sages and fools alike, having shown itself independent both of locality and time, and basing itself upon a claim, freely granted by its adherents, to be not only as large as humanity, but larger, is not only ready to accept the rôle of spiritual Cosmopolitanism, but has been ready from its very nature since its inauguration two thousand years ago. What an enormous instrument, too, might not this Cosmopolitanism of faith become in the cause of universal peace and in the extension of this secular unity of humanity which the Cosmopolitan desires so strongly! It is true, no doubt, that Catholicism has tolerated war in the past and has even been the occasion if not sometimes actually one of the two causes that go to make a quarrel; yet war is in itself

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the very last thing that she desires who struggles to follow the Prince of Peace; she is human, however, as is the rest of humanity (though she claims something besides her humanity), and her human rulers are as prone to passion or to error in such affairs as the rest. But at least it is her ideal to ensure peace; and, indeed, in her own immediate sphere of faith and morals she has realized her ideal as no other society has ever realized it. She is open even to no such temptation as are national churches, who, by their very identification with national secular bodies, must always be inclined to take sides with those whom they spiritually represent and to give supernatural sanctions to purely secular quarrels; she, on the contrary, even on the lowest political grounds (to say nothing of the highest motives) must always regard war as the very last expedient, since war, in setting nations at variance, tends also to divide the children of hers who stand on either side. What a mighty ally, then, she might be to these modern leaders of Cosmopolitanism, who, knowing little of her history and judging of Christianity only by the divided and rent sects of English or German speaking countries, see in that religion only one more cause of disunion, and neglect, therefore, this tremendous force on the side of peace which undivided supranational Christendom affords. It is remarkable, if nothing more, that that vision which prophets and kings are only now for the first time even desiring to see—a breaking down of partition walls between nations, a unity basing itself upon a common humanity and judging itself to be of more value and permanence than the local or temperamental divisions that have hitherto separated the race of man into competitive and mutually jealous groups—that that vision should have been actually perceived by Catholic Christianity two thousand years before its secular counterpart—Cosmopolitanism—was ever dreamed of—word or thing. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. They are all one. . . ."

ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

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COLLEGE LIFE TO-DAY

BY RANDOLPH SILLIMAN BOURNE

THOSE persons who form their impressions of college life from the writings of the elderly gentlemen who see in the modern college little but a hotbed of vice and drunkenness, or of the ardent alumni, newly converted to democracy, who see in it simply a caste-system based on social mummery and superstition, would be much surprised were they to turn back their years and enter college to-day as average youths, with moderate allowances and no particular social prestige. They would find themselves very much at home, and they would discover that the largest and solidest element in college life was still the crowd of non-fraternity, non-influential, ordinary men like themselves. To be sure they would not find that homogeneity of their fathers' college, that sameness of intellectual background and college interests that made college life a real education in friendship and personality. The college population is too heterogeneous to-day, and the interests too diversified, to make possible that kind of an education. The college man's education to-day, both curricular and extra-curricular, is extensive rather than intensive. But it must be more interesting, and it makes up in breadth what it loses in depth. The college is no more that sheltered world where one dreamed away four years of ideal life with men of one's own class and one's own prejudices, but a real arena where almost every type of American citizen that a man will meet in his later life is represented, and where many of the problems of business and management come before him in miniature for solution. And the college man of to-day, if he is wise, will take advantage of his opportunities and throw himself open to all these currents, make friends of men of every type, and go out into business and professional life with an intimate understanding, and one that could have been acquired in no other possible way,

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of the forces and people that make up our bustling, disorderly, complex American life.

Unfortunately our attention has been focused lately on the group of men to whom this sort of an education does not appeal—men who are attracted to college, not by the opportunity to mingle with their fellows, but by the opportunity to set themselves off from them. This class is composed largely of the scions of our newly rich, well-fed, "hustling," middle-class families, the sires of whom, having missed a college education themselves, desire it for their sons, as a kind of supervenient social grace. Coming to college with these ideals of social prestige—in many cases a prestige precarious at home and only to be manufactured with the aid of the fraternities at college—and without the semblance of an intellectual background, these men gravitate together; and get in the end just what they came for, at little cost to the college. Now, these men, although so much is heard in the outside world about their fraternities and club-houses, are actually in a decided minority in the college world, and their genuine significance in college affairs is in most colleges much smaller than even what their numbers would indicate. They pay the penalty for their exclusiveness and secrecy by being ignored or despised by the vast majority of the campus. The average American youth is no social climber, and he feels not a pang at his social inferiority on the campus, an inferiority which, even with "Skulls and Bones" and "Gold Coasts," is so intangible that nobody notices it. Whether this statement would be equally true of the girls' colleges, only one deeply versed in American feminine psychology could say. The position of the wealthy college man, though so menacing and formidable to the eyes of the outside world, is to the college man on the campus itself almost pathetic. For all the carefully cultivated social prestige and exclusiveness which mean so much to the aristocrat's pride the average college man, far from longing for, would not take as a gift.

The actual political manipulation of offices and managerships on the campus, which is popularly supposed to be in the hands of the aristocratic fraternities, is performed, as a rule, by lesser members whose aristocratic title is not yet quite clear, and who must make up their lack by diligent service in the cause of excluding the "unpresentable" from participation in campus activities. It can be said, therefore,

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almost without qualification, that the aristocratic class is a nonentity in general campus affairs. Their interests are confined to their own little circle or club, and they pass through college unknown to the rank and file. Political ability is not confined to any one class, and college politics, evidenced in the contests for managerships of athletic teams, editorships of publications, officers of societies, appeal to all types of men. The line of cleavage of parties is usually between the " good fellow " type, with some social luster, and the ambitious, serious, but rather " unpresentable " class which desires office or honor. Where, as at Columbia, many offices are filled by general student vote, there are alliances of factions and societies, and exciting contests, which tax all the abilities of the student politicians who run them. Where there is race feeling, the lines may be drawn very closely and much excitement created by contests. As in real life, it is the man who cares who gets the offices. Diffidence is pretty severely punished in college life, while ambition is fairly sure to be rewarded. The poor man is under no handicap directly in the contest for offices on the campus, but he has the indirect handicap of being unable to keep the pace with the wealthier fellows, so that in all activities which require a liberal expenditure of money he is almost as effectually excluded as if there was direct malice against him.

Nevertheless, the poor man is the salt of the college to-day. In all the large colleges the most striking phenomenon of late years has been the large increase in the number of men who are working their way through college, or partially supporting themselves. Men are attracted to the large colleges, like Harvard, Columbia, Chicago, and Pennsylvania, because of the city advantages, and come in all the spirit of an adventurer, trusting to pick up in the city work that will carry them through their course. Most of these men have had some experience in business or in " roughing it " before they come, and they give a very distinctive tone to a college and make their presence strongly felt, because of that added experience and a certain self-reliant outlook on life that is very stimulating to those with whom they come in contact. The immense contrast is noticeable at once between them and their unfortunate dependent classmates, who draw for all their wants on the family purse. Since the former have come to college for the purpose of getting something out of it, and not of rubbing off on themselves a little social gilding, they take

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things rather seriously, both inside and outside of the classroom. But since much of their time is taken up with earning their living, they do not have the chance to become "grinds," and, on the principle that the more work a man has to do the better he economizes his time, these self-supporting men usually have time for participation in campus activities, usually of the literary, dramatic, or musical kind. Societies of this nature are among the most encouraging signs of college life to-day. They are spontaneous, democratic, and simple, and usually based on some interest of real cultural value. They provide association and interest for the more intellectual and talented men of the college, and a full list of them includes almost every variety of subject that an educated person might be expected to have interest in. Harvard has dozens of such small societies, from the Italian Circle to the Pierian Sodality; Columbia has its Deutscher Verein, Société Française, Circolo Italiano, besides literary and dramatic clubs galore. New clubs are springing up constantly, and, while they do not all live, there are usually enough to furnish every man in the college with a circle of congenial friends with a common and worthy interest. The colleges usually recognize such societies as perhaps the most stimulating feature of campus life, and encourage them by giving them club-rooms and even appropriations of money to carry on their work. In the white glare of the big social clubs, we forget the quiet work these humbler societies do, with nominal dues, with no elaborate organization, and with a serious purpose. Many a man in my own class will look back, I am sure, and confess that a large part of his education in college came from the constant association around some editorial board of a college paper or in some small society where bright men stimulated one another's wits and gave the spur to one another's ability.

These humbler societies mean much to the college life of the less favored men of the campus. Not only the poor but the alien we have always with us. The latter has been pushing into the Eastern colleges of late years with a vigor and persistency that cause the more timorous alumni to fear that some of these old-established institutions will be turned into foreign seminaries. As the immigrant families rise slowly in the social scale, they begin—unlike the immigrant of fifty years ago, when a college education was not reckoned as an indispensable part of a man's equipment—to make every

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effort to send their boys to college. College is now the prerequisite for entrance to a profession, the universal gateway to everything besides manual or business labor. College thus draws in of necessity the ambitious men of all classes and races. These aliens are naturally clannish, and their foreign ways and uncouthness create a lively amount of race prejudice which is a disturbing force in college life. A part at least of the aristocratic evil can be traced to this cause. To the social congeniality is added a racial congeniality which makes the native-born draw closer together and accentuates their own exclusiveness. Unless there is some radical alteration in this spirit, for men who are not big enough to break through, college life will make a man hopelessly provincial and narrow. For those, on the other hand, who can get along without prejudice, the foreign-born prove a stimulating influence. Their seriousness, energy, and ability make them most effective in the more weighty campus interests, and their personalities, as a rule, make them most interesting as acquaintances. All the educative influence of college life is lost unless advantage is taken of all the opportunities to meet every sort of a person and rub up against every kind of a mind. The best thing about the college to-day is its heterogeneity, and it is just the advantage of living in a society of so many varied types and personalities that the average college man bids fair to lose, through his mistaken prejudices. Democracy in the colleges should not be enjoined upon young men as a painful duty, but as a privilege. Any man who is not democratic to the widest extent in college simply does not know what he is missing. College on its face is a real intellectual democracy where every man has the same status and where the only privileged classes are based on intellectual ability. It would do no harm if these class-room standards could be adapted for use in the campus world. There is no place, it would seem, where one could be so safely democratic as in college. Friendship with a man on the campus does not mean incorporating him into the family circle at home; it is simply a personal relation. Campus activities involve so few social functions and require so small a modicum of social adaptability that one runs little risk of the embarrassment of betraying the social ineligibility of one's friends. Yet good men continue to defend exclusiveness, failing to realize that their day is past, that the real college life of to-day is democratic. This is the life of the

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average, undistinguished man and the spontaneous small societies. The life of the "frats," the club-houses, the teas, and the great events of a "Prom week" that looms so large in the newspapers but cause scarcely a ripple on the campus, is a life detached, exterior to the real spirit of the college, which no amount of ingenuity or sophistry can ever make a really vital part of college life. The great majority of the campus goes quietly about its business, unaware even of the existence of these affairs. "They are not for us," it says.

There is one superstition of college life that seems to be happily waning. That is, that a college exists for its athletic teams. The last decade has been the golden age of athletics, and athletics have been the source of that exaggerated patriotism and provincial jingoism that is miscalled college spirit. But the demoralization of college athletics, the shameless conditions of actual or semi-professionalism in college teams—much of it, sad to say, supported and encouraged by wealthy alumni in a mistaken attempt to win glory and renown for alma mater—has been pretty effectively revealed in the magazines. The opposition to football was one of the symptoms of a reaction that was bound to come, and in colleges where football has been abolished or circumscribed in its activities the results have been only excellent. The really harmful effect of football on college life is that it drains off college sentiment and athletic interest into a narrow channel; the ideal becomes to turn out a small picked body of gladiators, whose business is to win and always to win, instead of a college of well-trained strong and healthy men. The few get the training and the rest look on. All true sporting spirit, the love of play for its own sake, is perverted into an interest in the end. The circumscription of inter-collegiate sports means a great increase in the interest in intra-collegiate sports, where a vastly greater number of men can play, and where the issue is less significant, and real amateur playing possible. Track, baseball, and tennis get their fair share; a well-rounded athletic life is achieved and the college at large immeasurably benefited, even if it no longer draws thousands to its great combats. This democratization of athletics is another encouraging sign of college life to-day. In a sense it is a return to the spirit of the earlier college, but a return with all the benefit of the experience and, best of all, the equipment of the big years of athletic glory.

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All these influences have their effect on scholarship, but it is doubtful whether scholarship, in the sense of a real intellectual interest, has deteriorated as much as some critics of the colleges would have us believe. The invasion of wealthy men with their interest in social position and their meager spiritual background has been offset by a growing number of self-reliant men with a serious purpose. The general average of scholarship is probably as high as it ever was. Those who bemoan the fate of the classics forget that a host of interesting courses have been introduced into the colleges of late years which provide much the discipline that the old curricula did, but which are vital and timely and of real significance to the life about the college man—courses in modern literatures, economics and politics, history and sociology. The new sociological course is proving more than a substitute for the classics in the success with which the new subjects are being taught as direct answers to practical problems of modern life. The new emphasis is already showing results in stimulating the intellectual life of the college; the college is actually producing that rare but indispensable type—and in ever-increasing numbers—the man with an interest in, and critical knowledge of, the world around him. The new type of scholar at his best is a man with a free-handed, open-hearted hospitality to ideas and a sympathetic imagination for all the facts of life and the thoughts of men, rather than a hoarder of an indiscriminate mass of intellectual wealth. When a score of undergraduates form a circle for the discussion of comparative religion, as was done last winter at Cornell; or a group of juniors and seniors meet twice a month to hear and discuss a paper on some philosophical or artistic question, as was done at Columbia, there would seem to be little need to worry about the intellectual quality of the college man. Spontaneous intellectual life like this has no room for the " grind " or the prig; they are both becoming as rare even as the professional " rah-rah " man in the big colleges. It sounds strange to the outside world to hear that there is real thinking and discussing done by the undergraduate, only because it has been led by contemporary writers to believe that the college was an intellectual waste. Looked at from the inside, however, as I have attempted to show, the " cultural " interests, as we may term them, hold their own equally with the athletics. Their societies and their meetings or performances, if the societies are dramatic or mu-

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sical, are what are actually talked about on the campus. The "high society" life is esoteric and veiled. The life of the average man, mixing democratically with all kinds of men, picking his friends according to their congenial interests and picturesque personality, and never for their social position, active in some form of athletics and in one or two of the small societies, talking perhaps more than he reads, but awake to ideas of larger import than his own little world, and learning much from the sparks that he strikes from his companions and the criticisms he makes of his teachers and books, neither priggish nor trivial, neither dull nor hilarious, suspectible to all the best currents of the life around him, knowing his professors as men, and his companions as fellow-adventurers in the "enterprise of learning"—such a life I like to think of as typical of the best of college life, and the spirit which it represents, as the true college spirit, the spirit which appreciates most profoundly, and sheds most glory upon, alma mater and her fair name. The materials for such a spirit and such a life are all there in the modern college. The men who are living it to-day, though perhaps the strong minority that is the salt of the earth, are living the life that is to be the college life of the majority in the near future. For it is a life that truly educates and truly nourishes.

RANDOLPH SILLIMAN BOURNE.

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IS TELEPATHY, OR PSYCHIC TRANSMISSION, A FACT OR A DELUSION?

BY JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, M.D.

It is commonly admitted that in the realm of psychic research we are only at the threshold of discovery—that the coming century will disclose wonders far beyond any yet disclosed. The scientific investigation of spirit, the nature of which has for so long been discussed only from religious and metaphysical viewpoints, is now regarded by advanced thinkers not only as practicable, but, in the face of a steadily growing interest, as imperative. Transcendental experiences are no longer looked upon as hallucinations. Ultra-normal faculty is believed to be everywhere inherent in the human personality; and we are to look for new expressions of it along many lines, notably those of telepathy and spiritual intercommunication. In its broadest sense, telepathy, the action of spirit at a distance, implies a potential mental or psychic intercourse between human beings in or out of the body. Of such communication with the dead—of incarnate spirits with discarnate friends through the machinery of the séance—there is as yet no convincing evidence. And still the telepathic faculty is believed by leaders of science to be in actual course of development among men, to be evolutionary, and even to be cosmic—that is, to extend out into the universe wherever there may be telepathically responsive sentient beings to receive transmitted vibrations. Percipient agents on this planet may in turn be reciprocally impressed from the transcendental world through the medium of similar vibrations conveying thought, feeling, sympathy, admonition, inspiration. Distance implies no barrier to communication between subliminal selfs.

Telepathic action is characteristic of animal nature and

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explains certain methods of brute communication. Birds and beasts receive information through the medium of earth vibrations. Certain game birds and animals are sensitive to the faintest earth tremor, and are approached only by the hunter who steps slowly and carefully without jarring the surface of the ground. The nature of the vibrations also conveys a notion of the direction from which the danger is coming, and wild game depend as much on their apprehension of this as upon detection by the ear. When it comes to cosmic vibrations, the subtle movements communicated to the earth's crust by the tides or the pull of heavenly bodies, animals, especially the *ferœ naturæ,* are mysteriously affected as to appetite, sleep, nervous poise, and possibly procreation and migration.

Recent experiments have proved moths and other insects to be capable of thought transference so far-reaching as to impress their fellows miles away with a knowledge of their whereabouts. It is well known to whalers that a cetacean struck by a harpoon has power instantly to convey intelligence of the presence of an enemy to a spouting school a half-mile distant, so that the individuals composing it immediately disappear below the surface. Every angler is aware that if one trout in a pool has caught a glimpse of him all are instantly apprised of his presence, so that his most attractive lures are offered in vain. What one knows, all know at the same moment through an interchange of subconscious states. Aristotle noticed that the female partridge is affected by a distant male bird through what he described as a breeze from the cock's direction.

Some twenty years ago, the late Austin Corbin purchased twenty-five thousand acres of farm and wood land in New Hampshire and stocked the estate, known as Blue Mountain Park, with elk and deer. In 1897 it was predicted that the extinct carnivores, whose natural food is venison, would return to the region. Not long after, the presence of pumas, or mountain lions, was reported in the park and vicinity, and the black bear, lynx, and wild-cat are conspicuously in evidence to-day. By what mysterious power of cognition did the great cat, a century vanished from this region, become aware of the presence of deer in Blue Mountain Park if not through the exercise of telepathic action—the unconscious radiation of subtle waves, perhaps of fear for their traditional enemies, from the community of four thousand

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animals of the deer tribe to fugitive panthers in the Alleghanies or in remote areas of the Green and Adirondack mountains? Strange to relate, the presence of this large body of *cervidæ* has attracted to the surrounding country numbers of Virginia deer and other animals, like the otter, long extinct. None of these creatures manifest their usual fear of man; a sense of security seems to pervade the whole community of new-comers. A family of otters, for instance, during the summer of 1906 made their home under the boat-house of a friend at Lake Sunapee. Mink often play among the chairs on the writer's piazza. Beavers, forgetful of man, fell trees and construct dams on secluded streams. Deer parade the roads and pastures with none of their natural shyness—as if nerve waves undulating from the community in Corbin Park, conveying ideas of safety through some elastic cosmic medium, set in vibration the sensitive nerve extremities of the recipient wild fauna in such a way as to be translated into the massive feeling of security indwelling in the unconscious transmitters. Numberless instances of such spiritual intercommunication between animals themselves and between animals and men are on record. Much has been written in the publications of psychic research societies regarding these perceptions of brutes, suggesting a more intimate relationship between members of the animal kingdom than has hitherto been understood, besides the existence among the lower animals of supernormal psychic faculties (like precognition, instincts of direction, and so forth) that may be elicited in man by suggestion in hypnosis.

If brutes possess this inscrutable telepathic power of communication and exercise it for their benefit, it cannot seem marvelous that it exists among human beings.

For ages, barbarous peoples of both hemispheres have availed themselves of this supernormal faculty of transmitting information and acquiring knowledge. Polynesian, Australian, African, and American Indian medicine-men and scryers still gaze into crystals, "sight-stones," and polished slabs, or stare into water and drops of blood, in order to bring within range intuitive knowledge existing in the subconsciousness, or to see telepathically visions of events occurring at a distance and unknown to the seer. Telepathic conveyance is the only explanation of accurate information given to a friend of the writer's more than

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forty years ago, by a Chinaman, concerning the loss of one of his ships eight hundred miles away, afterward verified to the letter as to time, place, and detail. When asked how he knew of the disaster, the Chinese percipient said that when he desired news he went into a certain dark room in Canton and sat down. If there was any important action occurring, it was communicated to his mind by agents stationed at distant points. British officers are authority for the statement that during the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857 information regarding the uprising was received by natives in advance of the time required to transmit news by the conventional channels. Similar telepathic sensitiveness on the part of negro seers has been noted by English observers in explanation of the transmission of knowledge by unknown means in different parts of Africa.

Psychology admits the possibility of such harmonious correspondence in articulating the principle that "different consciousnesses or different aggregates of states of consciousness may combine and interpenetrate." The Church teaches soul intercourse in its doctrine of the Communion of Saints—that all the members of the Church visible are mystically united in Christ with one another and with the members of the Church invisible, having spiritual fellowship in common. But this does not imply the possibility of conscious communication with the dead, although it unites all beings incarnate and discarnate in what Professor Myers called "a splendid universe of moral and intellectual life."

According to Professor James, the psychological condition of our being touched by spiritual agencies consists in our possession of a subconscious region, in our privilege of admission to an invisible and unknown world, which alone yields access to them. In sleep life, in hypnosis, the door is always ajar, sometimes wide open. Such is the present theory of telepathic interaction, which is held to be a property of the essence of all minds, even of the spirit of the brute which goeth downward.

The experiments of the writer have been confined to an investigation of the transmission of perception, thought, and control through terrestrial space, to a study of the process by which one mind affects another at a distance. In a series of ten thousand experiences with hypnotized patients (that is, patients put to sleep—natural sleep artificially induced), he has realized a responsiveness, on the

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part of as many personalities as have been brought into *rapport,* to appeals unheard by the objective ear—appeals spontaneously to project and exploit inherent healing-power, intellectual endowment, ethico-spiritual force.

The fact that minds brought into hypnotic or sleeping contact through the approximation of the physical bodies they tenant, can exchange feelings, ideas, knowledge, convictions, aspirations, suggests the possibility that minds temporarily separated and to all purposes discarnate in natural sleep or in hypnosis — minds thus at liberty to traverse the world and its purlieus — may throw themselves into one another's thoughts, may communicate without reference to space limitations or the trammels and constraints of matter, to be mutually impressed, exalted, and energized. Were the means of establishing such communication comprehended and under control, absent treatment for certain sicknesses and states would be possible and in every way scientific. Now, while we have to admit that the laws of telepathic transmission are unknown, and that telepathy so extensively advertised for the cure of disease has no commercial value, recent experiments of the author incontestably prove that it does exist among human beings, that it is a fact of nature as certain, to quote Flammarion, as the existence of Paris, of oxygen, or of the dog-star—a long unrecognized faculty whose scope, while undreamed of, yet stamps it as *facile princeps* among what Emerson designates as " the immense possibilities of man."

That there is in each one of us an inner immaterial being not under constraint to obey conditions imposed by our physical organisms, but capable of perceiving and acting by means peculiarly its own, is known to psychologists. A perishable body is not indispensable to the life and action of this inner being, or spiritual personality, which preserves its own independent existence even in the absence of the physical body. The powers of this personality are often exercised in spite of, rather than by aid of, the material organism. They are of the nature of clairvoyance (space is annulled), prescience (time does not obscure the vision of the future), mind-reading, and allied phenomena—the suspension of physical laws like the spontaneous movement of heavy bodies—and various abnormal physical phenomena in which purposive, human-like intelligence manifests itself as a direct cause. Self-projection along these supernormal

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lines is facilitated by the induction of hypnosis. In this state, when the mind is measurably divested of all physical impediments, the inherent faculty of the spirit utters itself more freely. Time and space offer no obstructions, matter is penetrable, perceptive power becomes infinitely sublimed.

In proof, let me recall the case of Anna Fortwanger, the German peasant girl with whom I experimented several years ago and whose wonderful clairvoyant and clairaudient powers impressed all who were present at the séances. This girl, when hypnotized by a friend and directed to describe different places and doings absolutely unknown both to the subject and hypnotizer, at five separate trials in the presence of reputable witnesses responded with marvelous accuracy. But attempts to cause Anna Fortwanger to impress persons at a distance, impelling to expression or action, or to enter into their thoughts and feelings, were without result.

The case now presented is that of a Belgian woman who possesses power to diagnose diseases at a distance when entranced and commanded to go to a designated patient and describe the bodily conditions. On several occasions, at a distance of miles, she has defined with startling exactness lesions of which she could have known nothing. The twelve-year-old son of Dr. F. N. Brett, lately Professor of Bacteriology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Boston, was gifted with X-ray vision so that when hypnotized by his father he could "look right into and through the human body," seeing the internal organs as readily as one would see objects through a window. In dozens of instances this boy located tumors, foreign bodies, bullets in gun-shot wounds, valvular lesions, and so forth. But Leon Brett was always approximated to the patient. It was X-ray vision at short range. The *modus operandi* in the case of my recent subject is as follows:

A physician is present whom we will call Dr. A. The subject, who is not a professional, we will designate as Madame B, and the lady who hypnotizes Madame B (the sister of a New York physician) as Miss C. Madame B is hypnotized, or put into a quasi-cataleptic state, and then directed to go to the patient, look into his body, and describe the nature of his trouble. This she does in detail, pointing out conditions of which Dr. A, Miss C, and her own objective self could not have had the slightest knowl-

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edge. In one instance in which I followed her statements through the telephone she diagnosed while five miles away an obscure case in my office and told correctly the cause of the lesion. She assumes the symptoms and sensations she discovers, and on several occasions has suffered acutely for hours from pains and perceptions similar to those of the patient. Her person becomes sensitive in the region in which the subject is affected, so that Dr. A is able to locate, through her sensations, the trouble in a remote patient whom he has never seen. She has stated facts contrary to the preconceptions of those about her, and to the diagnoses of attending physicians, in one case perceiving impending insanity, which so seriously affected her mind that Miss C was obliged to discontinue treatment.

In her trance Madame B sends to the affected person what she calls a "healing current," through the medium of spirally undulating physio-psychic vibrations, which carry the mysterious message. How far her treatment will succeed remains to be seen. I have known sleep to be induced (not a new effect of the projection of psychic force) and sudden permanent improvement to result from her efforts. In a case of cancer of the liver which she diagnosed, she was, naturally, helpless to relieve. She realizes when death is imminent.

Madame B also enters into the mental and emotional states of remote persons and reproduces them in her trance, sometimes retaining an impression and acting it out for hours. She declares that her spirit actually visits the persons and places to which it is directed, reaching them through the medium of etheric vibration; that accentuated perception does not explain her action and passion. At the emphatic command of the operator, when she is commingled with a given subliminal outside the primary consciousness, she can impel that subliminal to influence its earth life, and so bring about a desirable change in mental motions, attitudes of feeling, mistaken beliefs, in the subject under treatment. It will thus be seen that the transfiguring power resides in the patient, and is only awakened and exploited by Madame B. After ministering to a person several times and so becoming psychically acquainted, she can entrance herself and apply treatment without the aid of an intermediary.

But the most wonderful exhibition of her gift is the prac-

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tical liberation of her personality from its material organism, and its invasion of the soul of another being to whom it is directed by me, to be in turn bodily usurped by that other person—so that I am enabled, through dynamic suggestions offered to Madame B, to reach the correlated personality and compel in it the action I desire, provided such action be right. Madame B not only feels and acts the part of the person in *rapport,* but she is that person unmistakably, possessed of his knowledge, character traits, feelings, and mental attitudes; he talks through her lips, suffers through her bodily organs, and energizes through her brain. A remote subject is thus brought face to face with me, and I am enabled to effect salutary changes against his objective will and consent by appeal to the commingled subliminal selves. If this unparagoned means of enforced attention results from a spiritual facility that is lasting, then every man and woman in the world is accessible through this channel; susceptible to corralling by this subliminal method of approach; coercible to apprehension of the wrongness of positions, incentives, and motives for action when they are wrong; and changeable to right view and moral action.

No harm can be done. I have seen the controlling personality resent an uncongenial suggestion with profanity and blows. There is no such thing as malign telepathic influence—malicious animal magnetism. The intelligent percipient is brought into adjustment with the law of right, and acts, not because he is constrained by the agent, but because he realizes that the action suggested is wise, necessary, expedient, or ethical. He cannot be impelled to do anything inconsistent with moral principle, nor can he be physically injured through telepathic impressions by those who wish him ill (witchcraft).

Hitherto, in response to many and varied applications for the relief of the willing dupes of delusion and infatuation, of drink and drug habitués, of the pursuers of soul-killing practices, who have obstinately thrust aside the hand reached out to help them, psychology has had no hope to offer. Now, through impression of the subliminal consciousness in the manner described, recovery of common sense, normal relations, and manly states of control may be forced upon them without their objective acquiescence, and even against their very wills. How many intermediaries like Madame B there may be in the world, or how far education

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may count in the production of such intermediaries, we can only conjecture.

A peculiar feature of the procedure is the separation from Madame B's personality of a segment which, operating independently through the same organism, talks to me from the standpoint of an onlooker, directs me how to proceed, and even what to suggest to its entranced fellow. It was this segment that bade me treat her as I would treat the distant subject, suggesting through her subliminal mysteriously interblended with that of the subject, and thus pointed the way to what must be regarded as the most important discovery yet made in the field of abnormal psychology. This segment always tells me when to awaken Madame B. On the utterance of my command to emerge from her trance she is thrown into a distressing convulsion, and calls to me through this same alternating segment to mitigate the violence of the spasm. After resuming her objective life, she suffers for a time from confusion and exhaustion.

Madame B does not understand how this is all done; neither does the profoundest philosopher comprehend the transmission of gravity force through space, the means of its conveyance being wholly a matter of speculation. And yet this force governs the destinies of millions of suns and systems. In explanation she constantly refers to vibrations spirally moving. To translate her description into scientific language, these vibrations are of varying amplitudes (heights) and wave-lengths, and, to use her own expression, strike against her inner self like the waves of the sea. She has to be " in a person's vibration " in order to enter into his feelings and apprehend his bodily condition; and she possesses the rare gift of being able to convert supersensuous perceptions into physical values. She knows physically what she perceives psychically, and she perceives without the operation of the recognized sense organs. She speaks of space as being filled with vibrations, spheric waves, undulating *spirally* from every conscious unit or center, just as ether waves are emitted from every portion of matter. (Bozzano explains telepathy as due to an initial physio-psychic vibration which, *expanding concentrically* in all directions, reaches the brain of the percipient, bringing with it the agent's thought.) She has the power to intercept the vibrations that link her to the person she is in search

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of. Some she characterizes as harmonious, some as inharmonious. Thus she discovers the quality of thought in the mind with which she is in *rapport.* If at the time it be immoral or vicious, she experiences pain and gives utterance to disapproval in her trance. As each human being has an individuality that distinguishes him from his fellows, no matter how his mental or emotional states may vary, so each person's vibrations are to Madame B different from those of any and all other beings. This explains how she is able to recognize her subject in space. To her, thoughts have a substance; and she sees them in motion, always spiral. She claims to read the future and does predict. But the value of the prescience she may possess is yet undetermined.

Are we on the eve of discovering a much more marvelous application of psychic force which will develop in man a spiritual consciousness, make him superior to all science as at present interpreted, effect that adjustment with natural law which will banish disease and unlock the door to millennial perfection? Let a selected number of persons be empowered to intercept and utilize for purposes of communication the vibrations radiating from personalities they wish to communicate with, and impressions for uplift and general betterment might be given without the objective knowledge or consent. A few thousand well-wishers might in this way bring about a world-wide moral revolution. And, further, the same ill-understood psychic force which, when applied by a limited number of specially gifted individuals, has tipped tables and moved pianos, may possibly, when developed, move houses as well, and literally cast the mountain into the sea (the Greek word *pistis,* in the passage Matthew xvii:20 and Mark xi:23, translated *faith,* implies in its root *such a knowledge of and confidence in certain divine truths as to produce good works*). Faith without such works is a sham.

All this is not to be construed into a defense of absent treatment as commonly and unscientifically practised, where the subjects know that an attempt is making to influence them, and the cures, if effected, are entirely due to auto-suggestion. It implies a psychic level essentially extra-marginal and higher than that of every-day conscious life, and this level is obtained only in hypnosis or in states germane thereto.

JOHN D. QUACKENBOS.

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TRANSLATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE AND OTHERS

BY ARTHUR BENINGTON

READING Shakespeare in a foreign language is generally a weird experience not without its amusing side. It matters little what language one selects, for Shakespeare has been translated into them all, and the translators are in all grades of badness. Similarly a Frenchman reading Corneille in English is moved to laughter or tears, and an Italian reading Dante in English scarcely recognizes the Divine Poet.

Good translations are rare. For a faithful rendering of mere words much thought, backed by intimate knowledge of the subtle shades of meaning of the words of both languages, is a primary requisite. But more than words are to be translated; thoughts, spirit, atmosphere, art, are more important than words. And it is in this that most translators are an exemplification of the old Italian epigram, *traduttore, traditore.*

This is not to say that every translator is a traitor. Among the oases in the desert are one or two of the more recent translations of Shakespeare. Continental Europe—Germany excepted—is really only just beginning to know Shakespeare as we know him. Italy is ringing with the praises of Diego Angeli's version, of which four volumes, "The Tempest," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth," have already appeared. France was thrilled two years ago by Maeterlinck's translation of "Macbeth," and applauded de Gramont's "Julius Cæsar" in 1906.

France has had many translations of Shakespeare, but until quite recently has not got over the prejudice deliberately created against his works by that arch traitor of translation, Voltaire. For it is difficult not to believe that Voltaire maliciously mistranslated Shakespeare in order to hold him

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up to the ridicule of Europe, and in this way to maintain his own pose as the greatest of poets and dramatists.

This whole subject of Voltaire and Shakespeare was treated at length by Dr. Johnson's friend, Giuseppe Baretti, in a bitter essay, republished for the first time, strange to say, within the last few months.*

As a specimen of what Voltaire called translation, of what he gave to France as specimens of Shakespeare and upon which he founded the scorn and the ridicule of his addresses to the French Academy, it is worth while to cite a few lines from his version of Hamlet's soliloquy on death:

"Demeure, il faut choisir, et passer à l'instant
De la vie à la mort et de l'être au néant!
Dieux justes, s'il en est, éclairez mon courage:
Faut-il vieillir courbé sous la main qui m'outrage,
Supporter ou finir mon malheur et mon sort?
Qui suis-je? Qui m'arrête? et qu'est-ce que la mort?
C'est la fin de nos maux, c'est mon unique asyle:
Après de longs transports, c'est un sommeil tranquil."

It was upon such caricatures as this, held up to the European world as typical of Shakespeare, that Voltaire based his venomous scorn for the Englishman. And he played Judas in the same way to Tasso, Ariosto, and Camoens.

Perhaps the best general French translation of Shakespeare is that of François Victor Hugo, which is conscientious and learned, but too pitilessly literal. One of his errors is a classic; he rendered *Frith of Forth*—"*le cinquième du quatrième.*" This, however, is no worse than the mistake of an English translator of Goethe—I think it was Lord Ellesmere—who rendered the lines in "Faust":

"Sie stellen wie von Himmel sich gesandt,
Und lispeln englisch wenn sie lügen"—

"They make pretense to heavenly embassage,
And lisp in English when they want to lie"—

"lisp like angels" being, of course, the correct rendering.

*It, together with Baretti's terrific *Strictures on Signora Piozzi* (Mrs. Thrale) and all his other works in English, French, Spanish, and Italian, has just been published by Giuseppe Laterza e Figli, of Bari, Italy. The *Discours sur Shakespeare* is in French, but the same matter is treated in English in his *Dissertation upon Italian Poetry*. The two together are a noble defense of Shakespeare and a savage onslaught upon Voltaire's literary pretensions.

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Maeterlinck's translation of "Macbeth" is not only literal, but it preserves the atmosphere, the spirit, and the rhythm of Shakespeare. It is the translation of a true poet. None but a poet can translate poetry. A poet's translation, even though full of mistakes, is likely to be as a whole truer to the original than one that adheres to it literally.

It is true that one or two magicians of words have succeeded in translating poetry into prose that is immortal. The most wonderful instance of this was Stephane Mallarmé, whose versions in French of some of Poe's poems are miracles of the translator's art. They are in a prose that preserves much of the rhythmic cadence, much of the rhyme, and almost all the echoed assonances that are the charm of "Ulalume" and "The Raven." For example:

"Et de la soie l'incertain et triste bruissement en chaque rideau purpural me traversait—m'emplissait de fantastiques terreurs pas senties encore."

This to the Frenchman's ear is a perfect rendering of

"And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before."

And the following from "Ulalume":

"Alors mon cœur devint de cendre et grave, comme les feuilles qui étaient crispées et mornes—comme les feuilles qui étaient périssables et mornes, et je m'écriai: 'Ce fut sûrement en Octobre dans cette même nuit de l'année dernière, que je voyageai—je voyageai par ici—que j'apportai un fardeau redoubtable jusqu'ici—dans cette nuit de toutes les nuits de l'année, ah! quel démon m'a tenté vers ces lieux! Je connais bien, maintenant, cet obscur lac d'Auber—cette brumeuse moyenne région de Weir; je connais bien, maintenant, cet humide marais d'Auber, et ces pays de bois hantés par les goules de Weir!"

But Mallarmé was unique, and his prose, like his poetry, was exquisite in its subtle music. He was the ideal translator of Poe. Baudelaire's versions, though fine, have not the intimate touch of Mallarmé's.

The poet and his translator ought to be in deep sympathy with each other. Would that Milton had translated Dante! That might probably have been the model for all time. Pope in apologizing for the multitudinous defects in his translation of Homer's *Iliad* regretted that Dryden had not done

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it, and reproached Chapman for putting more of Chapman than Homer into his version. Yet this is one of the very faults that have been charged against Pope.

Speaking of Homer, it is worth while by analyzing a few lines to test how accurately some of his translators have done their work. Let us take the very first line of the *Iliad:*

Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, μοι πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος.

An English translator, the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, in a note to his version, says:

"We have here the keynote of the poem brought before us in the very first line—nay, in the very first word, according to the original, for 'wrath' stands first in the Greek, which it cannot very conveniently do in English."

Justifying himself, as it were, behind this "not very conveniently," Collins renders it:

"Sing, Heavenly Muse, the wrath of Peleus' son."

Other versions (some combining part of the second line) are:

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly Goddess, sing."—POPE.

"Sing, Goddess, the wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son."—WALTER LEAF.

"Achilles' baneful wrath—resound, O Goddess,
—that imposed," etc.—CHAPMAN.

"O Goddess! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
Achilles . . ."—BRYANT.

"Of Peleus' son, Achilles, sing, O Muse,
The vengeance deep and deadly . . ."—LORD DERBY.

The Frenchmen fail in the same way. Bitaubé has it:

"Muse chante la colère d'Achille, fils de Pelée."

Leconte de Lisle translates:

"Chante, Déesse, du Péliade Akhilleus la colère désastreuse."

Another famous translator was the Italian Monti, but he made the same mistake, writing:

"Cantami, o diva, del Pelide Achille
L'ira funesta . . ."

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It was upon Monti's version that Ugo Foscolo wrote a classic of criticism. Foscolo suggested as a better rendering:

"L'ira, o Dea, canta, del Pelide Achille
Funesta . . ."

But an Albanian philologist asserts that not one of the translators has rendered more than the one word Ἀχιλλῆος correctly! According to him the true translation is:

"Fairy, tell us about the spite of Achilles, of the clan of Peleus."

It would be possible to go right through all the translations of the *Iliad* with such criticisms as these. There are some fine bits of similar analysis in the preface to Bryant's version. Just so one could go through all the translations of Shakespeare. Furness, in the appendix to the "Macbeth" volume of his Variorum edition, has some excellent examples of it. Among other passages he takes the line

"Heaven's breath smells wooingly here"

("Macbeth," Act I., Scene VI.), of which he cites many German versions. The crux is the word "wooingly." Schiller renders this "*lieblich,*" Voss has "*anmuthig,*" Dorothea Tieck (whom Furness suspects to have been Mommsen) renders the line:

"Dass hier des Himmels Athem zum Verweilen ladet."

Others have it "*lockend*" and "*erquicklich.*"

Kaufman alone hits it just right:

"Dass Himmelshauch hier buhlend weht."

Maurice Maeterlinck renders the line:

"Le souffle du ciel y embaume ses caresses,"

which, though prose, could have come from none but a poet, and that expresses Shakespeare's idea perfectly.

Furness points out that the efforts of the Germans to translate the witches' incantation are little short of ludicrous. One of the best is suggested by Voss (whose version of Homer is a monument of accuracy) in a note to his 1829 edition:

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"Dopple müh' sei, dopple, dopple!
Lodre, glut, du Kessel, bopple!"

Maeterlinck's French version is far more successful, though his task seems to me to have been the more difficult. He writes:

"Double, double, puis redouble,
Le feu chante au chaudron trouble."

Furness notes that for the common English word "cauldron" the German language appears to have no equivalent. Every language has words of this sort. An eminent Montreal lawyer, a Frenchman who practises and pleads equally well in English and French, calls my attention to the common French verb "*constater,*" for which, he says, he has vainly sought an English equivalent.

Diego Angeli's translation of Shakespeare, which the Treves Brothers are now publishing in Milan, is one of the best that has appeared in any language. He has turned English blank verse into the corresponding hendecasyllabic *versi sciolti;* he has rendered the lyrics in the nearest Italian meter; where Shakespeare rhymes—as in the last lines of many blank-verse passages—Angeli rhymes. The spirit is preserved, but it is not difficult to find errors. At the beginning of "The Tempest" there is one of these: *bompresso* (bowsprit) instead of *gabbia,* for "topsail." One of the worst of his mistakes is in his version of the line

"This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,"

which he translates:

". . . Cotesta fattucchiera
dall' occhio cispellino fu condotta
quivi col figlio. . . ."

This means "with the child"; that is to say, with a child already born. The Italian equivalent of our "with child" is *incinta* or *gravida.*

At the end of the same passage ("Tempest," Act I., Scene II.) he translates

"Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born . . ."

". . . se n'eccettui quel figlio
ch'ella avea partorito, un mostricciuolo
lentigginoso e degno di sua stirpe."

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Thus he neglects the word "here"; further evidence that he has failed to understand that Sycorax gave birth to Caliban on the island. And there is no suggestion of the contemptuous idea which Shakespeare so deliberately emphasized by following up the word "litter" with "whelp." A more exact translation would be:

> "Ch'ella avea figliato qui, un cagnettaccio
> lentigginoso, stirpe di stregone."

For Shakespeare used "littered" to express the bestiality of that child-birth, and in speaking of beasts *figliare* is more properly used than *partorire*. *Mostricciuolo* is a "little monster," not a "whelp," which is more correctly rendered by *cagnuolo* or any of its *peggiorativi*.

Apart from a few such mistakes as these, Angeli is wonderfully successful. For example:

> ". . . Noi
> siamo tessuti con la stessa trama
> dei sogni ed è la piccoletta vita
> nostra dal sonno circondata. . . ."

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep. . . ."

In his "Julius Cæsar" similar faults and similar beauties are noticeable. For example, his "*Non ho fatto a Cesare quello che voi faceste a Bruto*" really means, "I have not done to Cæsar what you did to Brutus" instead of "I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus."

His ". . . *Io debbo, Cimbro, farti sapere*" (Act III., Scene I.) fails to render the signification of that word "prevent," though the Italian *prevenire*, which he uses to translate "prevention" in Act IV., Scene II., is its precise equivalent in this archaic sense.

Dante has shared the fate of Homer and Shakespeare at the hands of the translators. He is perhaps the most difficult of authors, because he combines, as no other poet does, deep philosophy, majestic music of language, and a concision that has never been equaled. His translator must be a man of almost phenomenal erudition; he must know not only the Tuscan dialect of the thirteenth century, but the history of the world up to that time, and must be steeped in the literature, the theology, the scholasticism, and the science

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of the Middle Ages. Such a man was Charles Eliot Norton, whose translations are perfect for the student. But Norton's version, from the mere fact that it is in prose, does not even suggest the grandeur of the music of Dante's words. It is as if one were to read a well-told story of Parsifal; all the sublime legend would be there, but the reader would never suspect the glories of the music to which it had been set by Wagner. Dante's verse and Wagner's music are akin to each other; their proper background is a Gothic cathedral.

But the attempts of poets to translate Dante are irritating to one who knows the original. This may be because they are pygmies who have tried to reproduce the product of a giant. Again, would that Milton had done it! Byron's few samples suggest that he might have succeeded better than Longfellow, or even Cary, whose version is perhaps the best metrical one in the English language. One of Byron's most famous excerpts is the Paolo and Francesca episode (Inf. Cant. V.). In this occurs a line which beautifully illustrates the impossibility of adequately rendering one language in another. Francesca is telling Dante their story:

> "We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
> Of Lancelot, how love enchained him too.
> We were alone, quite unsuspiciously.
> But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
> All o'er discolored by that reading were;
> But one point only wholly us o'erthrew:
> When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,
> To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
> He who from me can be divided ne'er
> Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
> Accursèd was the book and he who wrote!
> That day no further leaf did we uncover."

The exigencies of his rhyme and of his desire to give line for line led Byron to take liberties with the text here and there, but he certainly has the spirit of the passage. It is the last line but one, however, to which I want to call attention as absolutely untranslatable. Byron's "accursèd" gives no hint of the meaning of Dante's "*Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.*" Cary writes more accurately:

> ". . . The book and writer
> Both were love's purveyors . . ."

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Norton's version is: "Galahaut was the book and he who wrote it." And he explains the meaning of "Galeotto" in a note at the bottom of the page. Even an Italian needs an explanation, and most of the modern Italian editions carry such a note. Scartazzini quotes Fanfani's dictionary: "Galeotto: a person so vile that if he be not in the galleys he deserves to be," and adds, "Name of the infamous agent of love between Guinevere and Lancelot. That which Galahaut was for Guinevere and Lancelot the book and its author were for us."

I think I should be tempted to translate the word by "pander," though even then a note of explanation would be necessary.

Baretti, whose attack upon Voltaire for betraying Shakespeare has already been cited, was singularly unfortunate in his efforts to translate into English. His "Ye who enter here quit hope forever" is wretchedly weak in comparison with Cary's tremendous "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Another and very different example of an almost untranslatable passage is the last verse of Heine's "Lorelei":

"Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan."

There is here a subtle change from the objective to the subjective that none of the versions I have seen succeeds in expressing. One of the best known reads:

"Till over the boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this with her magic singing
The Lorelei has done."

Not only is real poetry untranslatable, but such prose as depends largely upon style. From the English translation none could form an idea of the style of de Maupassant or Flaubert. I have looked over several translations of D'Annunzio, who is a past master of style, and none is even a pale reflection of the original, unless it be Arthur Symons's version of "Francesca da Rimini." Symons, however, falls into a strange blunder with "four o'clock in the morning" for "*quattr'ore di notte,*" which is literally "four hours

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of the night," the "fourth hour of the night," which was the thirteenth-century way of expressing ten o'clock in the evening—a much more likely hour than four o'clock in the morning for Francesca to send her maids to bed and admit Paolo to her chamber. Symons, however, must be thanked for many masterly translations, especially of French poetry.

Praising Symons is a reminder of Symonds—John Addington—whose translations of bits of Italian poetry scattered through his *Renaissance in Italy,* especially the two volumes on literature, are the best things of the kind I have seen. For example, his version of Folengo's burlesque of the "Last Judgment," of Berni's sonnet of Pope Clement, and of extracts from Poliziano, Bembo, etc., are models of the translator's art.

One of the genuine curiosities of translation is a French version of part of Dickens's *Pickwick Papers,* which appeared in *Le Journal pour Tous* in 1865 under the title of "*Le Prison pour Dettes.*" This embraces Mr. Pickwick's arrest, trial, and imprisonment. In the *Nineteenth Century Review* for August, 1908, Sir F. C. Burnand published a most amusing review of this, giving some examples of the skill with which the Frenchman rendered in the idioms and argot of the Paris of his day the cockney slang of Dickens's characters. For instance:

"Not knowin', can't say"="*Peux par dire . . . sais pas.*"

"Very good plant, Mr. Pickwick. But it won't do. There's no harm in trying, but there's little to be got out of me."="*Votre souricière est très bonne, Monsieur Pickwick. Mais je ne donne pas dans le panneau. Il n'y a pas de mal à essayer, mais il n'y a pas grand chose de tirer de moi.*"

"'Well, wot's amiss here?' growled the man in the brown coat."="'*Bien! quoi qui gnia?*' *grommela l'homme à la redingote brune.*"

"It ain't a large 'un, but it's a out-and-outer to sleep in."—(Mr. P.'s bed in the Fleet.)="*Il n'est pas grand, mais on y dort comme une douzaine de marmottes.*"

"Chummage ticket."="*Billet de copin.*"

"One expressed his opinion that it was a rig, and the other his conviction that it was a go."="*L'un exprima son opinion que c'était caligulant, et l'autre sa conviction que c'était une scie.*"

"Vot are you bustin' with now?"="*Qu'est-ce que vous avez à vous crever maintenant?*"

But Shakespeare and Dickens are by no means the only authors who are difficult to put into other tongues, translators of the Bible often complaining of the obstacles they

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have to surmount. How, for example, render such a phrase as "whiter than snow" in the language of equatorial Africa, where snow is unknown? In the language of the Lengua, a tribe in Paraguay, they were obliged to translate the word "eighteen" "*schog-emek-wakthla-mok-emmik-antanthal-ma,*" the literal meaning of which is "finished my hands, pass to my other foot-three." H. Ottewill Bruce cites the case of a translator in New Guinea who, getting stuck with the phrase "Far be it from me to do this thing," consulted an intelligent catechumen, who gave him the precise idiomatic equivalent in a phrase that meant "May I speak to my mother-in-law before I will do this thing!" For it seems that in New Guinea it is an unpardonable sin for a man to speak to his wife's mother.

A book could be filled with curiosities of translation. It is, however, far easier to criticize than to write a translation, and any one who has had to do much of such work must take off his hat to masters like Gilbert Murray for his Euripides, to Charles Eliot Norton for his Dante, to Jowett for his Plato, to Swinburne and Rossetti for their bits from Villon, to Mallarmé for his verses of Poe, to Sir Christopher North for his Plutarch—this the more extraordinary because a translation not from the original, but from Amyot's French version—to Chateaubriand for his Milton (in spite of a few mistakes, such as "*donjon*" instead of "*prison*" for "dungeon," and "*puits*" instead of "*abîme*" for "pit"); to Denis Florence MacCarthy for his translations of Calderon, and especially for his English version of the *Stabat Mater*. And if the volumes that are to come remain up to the standard he has set with his "Tempest" and "Julius Cæsar," Diego Angeli's version of Shakespeare must live as one of the translations that are truly to be called inspired.

ARTHUR BENINGTON.

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TURGENIEF: THE MAN

BY THE REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM

Iván Sergyévitch Turgénief was born in Orel,* in the province of Orel, October 28, 1818. The Turgéniefs were nobles of the old stock. It is an interesting fact that many men of genius in Russia were derived from foreign races. Kantémir, Chemnítzer, Jukóvski, Púshkin, Lérmontof, and Tólstoi had in their veins the blood of Greeks, Germans, Scots, Turks, and even Negroes. The Turgénief family, according to tradition, came from a Tartar chief who entered the service of the Grand Prince of Moscow in 1425; hence the name "Tur-Kahn." "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar" has fresh illustration in the present case. Most of Turgénief's ancestors, at least on his father's side, were soldiers, but history says nothing either of their intelligence or of their morals. At the end of the eighteenth century a cousin, Andre Turgénief, was the initiator of a mystical and literary movement in Russia, and Andre's two brothers, both younger than himself, gave evidence of talent if not of genius. One of them, Alexander, left a valuable historical collection, while the other left an excellent work on the Russia of Nicholas I. This was written while the author was in exile. After having achieved distinction in the service of the State under Alexander I., he was implicated in the conspiracy of December, 1825, and was expatriated by Nicholas. The remainder of his life was spent in Paris, where he died in 1871. M. Haumant, Turgénief's biographer, finds in Turgénief traces of Andre's tendency to mysticism and of Nicholas's taste for historical observation.

Tartar in blood though it may originally have been, Norse blood must have entered the family stream, for Turgénief was large of stature and had blue eyes. "He resembles

* Pronounced Aryōl.

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less the pirates of the Steppe than those of the North Sea," says Haumant. In this respect he was like his French friend Flaubert. His father was a large, blond man, with fine and regular features and blue eyes. His mother, a Lutovínof, was six years older than her husband, swarthy of complexion and of ungraceful figure. The administration of the estate was in her hands, and she ruled with a rod of iron. Haumant thus describes her: "She was capricious, passionate, vindictive, and quite unconscious of the evil which she did. Around her punishments fell in showers—exiles, deportations, humiliating travesties, forced marriages, sudden separations of members of the same family, and blows which spared not even her factotum Poliákof." Reminiscences of his mother's rule are traceable in Turgénief's writings, especially in *The Memoirs of a Sportsman*. His experience at home is said to have made him nervous and timid, and inspired in him hatred of injustice and violence. Quite naturally he became an enemy of serfdom.

The family estate was at Spask, a large town in the province of Orel, about a hundred and thirty miles south of Moscow. The mansion, built by a Lutovínof at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was very large, comprising more than forty rooms besides a great hall surrounded by galleries. It had two wings, one for the women serfs who sewed and embroidered the linen of the house, the other for the musician serfs. About the mansion were other buildings for the servants, for baths, etc. The house was surrounded by a garden so large as to be practically a park. In this were many trees and a large pond. Here the boy wandered, exploring every nook and corner of the spacious grounds, watching the life of nature, snaring birds which he took captive to his room—in all aided and abetted by the servants. Among these servants was one Punin, who had an enthusiasm for Keraskof, a mediocre poet of the eighteenth century. To this poet Punin drew the attention of the little Ivan, reading to him *The Russiade*, a feeble imitation of Voltaire's *Henriade*. The way in which Punin read and the material and incidents of the poem all appealed to the mind of the child. Thus was awakened his first interest in literature. He lived in the garden more than anywhere else. One incident in his experience there made a deep impression on him. In a letter from Spask written in 1868, speaking of the garden, he said: "It is here that

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I, a mere child, was witness of a struggle of a toad with a snake which for the first time caused me to doubt a good Providence."

Ivan, with his brother Nicholas, was educated primarily at home under various foreign teachers, German and French. French he acquired rapidly and spoke with ease and grace. It has been said of him that like Púshkin he had two maternal tongues, Russian and French. His biographer says: "His father and mother read only French. They agreed or they quarreled only in French. When Varvára Pétrovna offered God the courtesy of a prayer it was in French."

His education properly began in the pension of the German Weydenhammer, but soon passed to the Institute Lazaref, "a college founded for Armenian students, but which the Russians had invaded." He was occupied with modern languages, especially French; the sciences and Latin were taught only to future candidates for the university. In the Institute Lazaref he became acquainted with Zagoskin's romance, *George Meloslavski,* and was so enraptured with it that one day, when a student interrupted the reading by a master, Turgénief fell upon him with clenched fists. In 1832 he took his entrance examination for the University of Moscow, but two or three years later went to St. Peterburg, whither, after the death of his father, the family moved. The University of St. Petersburg exerted upon him a more pronounced literary influence than that of Moscow, and there he made his first boyish literary ventures. In 1838 he ended his university studies with a grade that would have allowed him immediately to enter government service; but he was rich and under no compulsion to labor, so he went abroad.

He went first to Berlin, sailing from Kronstadt to Lübeck on the *Nicholas I.* During the voyage the following incident occurred. It seems that he had promised his mother not to play cards; nevertheless, one night he was playing cards when there was a cry of "Fire!" The *Nicholas I.* was in flames. There is a story which followed him all his life that he threw himself on the bridge among hustling women and children and cried with a shrill voice, "Save me! I'm the only son of a rich widow. Ten thousand roubles to him who will save me!" Whether the story be literally true or not, Turgénief acknowledged later that he had lost his head for a moment.

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Like all Russians he was warmly received at the Prussian university. "The professors here," he says, "expect that our government will decorate them." At first he shared the Schilleromania which was prevalent, but soon turned to Goethe, reading *Faust* so often that finally he knew the first part by heart. Years afterward he surprised his Parisian friends by translating from memory long passages of the poem. Here in Berlin he met Granóvski, Neviérof, Stankiévitch, and Michael Bakúnin. The last named was at that time only a Hegelian, but later became the apostle of anarchy. For a time he exerted a strong influence over the younger Turgénief. With these companions Turgénief met for a time at the house of a Madame Frolof, who slept during the day in order that she might spend the night in discussion. Later the meetings were with one or another of their number on appointed days, often with Turgénief, whom Varvára Pétrovna supplied with "incomparable tea." Several of these men, notably Bakúnin and Stankiévitch, appeared in Turgénief's novels more or less freely sketched. His relation with the latter was not of long endurance, for Stankiévitch soon died, but it was warm and lingered long in memory. Neviérof relates that after a night with the Frolofs the students had come together again at dawn and were discussing the enfranchisement of the serfs, which would surely take place some day but would find the serfs incapable of properly using their freedom. "It is necessary to instruct them," said Stankiévitch, "to draw them from their night. Let us swear, my friends, to consecrate our strength to that end." The oath thus taken was kept. Stankiévitch, too soon dead, bequeathed his fortune to the schools of his district; Neviérof and Granóvski became professors; Turgénief attempted to be one, and we see him often occupying himself both with schools and with students.

In 1840 Turgénief visited the Rhine country, Switzerland, and Italy, avoiding as a rule the large cities and the crowd, and finding his delight in the forests, the valleys, the brooks —in a word, in Nature. The following year he returned to Moscow wearing spectacles, it is said, and using excessively long words. Herzen thought him a *poseur*. Biélinski, who was more indulgent, compared him to Lenski, a character in one of Púshkin's poems, who had returned from Germany "with inflamed and bizarre ideas, a soul purely Göttingenian." He dreamed of lecturing to the young men

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on Hegel. He even sought an examination by the university for the degree of master in philosophy, which would have opened to him a university career. While the official red tape was unwinding Turgénief took himself off to St. Petersburg, where we find him in 1843 in the Ministry of the Interior, reading, not Hegel, but George Sand, and writing verse and comedies and associating with young writers like Nekrássof and Dostoiévski. The latter writes of him at this time: "I have just seen the poet Turgénief. He is a genial, aristocratic, beautiful young man, rich and intelligent. I know of nothing that nature has refused him."

At that time Turgénief seems to have had a taste for exaggeration and boasting and playing practical jokes. He told doubtful stories about his having stopped a runaway team and saving a woman's life and other heroic deeds. One evening he reported a day's hunt in which he had bagged an astounding quantity of game, and invited his companions to come and dine with him on the morrow. When they arrived at his lodging they were met by a wooden countenance, and went away much disgusted with "this first edition of *The Memoirs of a Sportsman.*"

He was the favorite son of his mother, Varvára Pétrovna, and when he was at home she was in a better humor with everybody. It was her intention that he should make a good marriage and then achieve a fine career, but he was not favorably disposed to either. "Marry!" he cried; "you might as well expect to see the church in Spask dance the *trepak* on its two crosses." She was much incensed at the idea of his following a literary career; however, she would have overlooked his writing prose and verse if he had remained in the government service. But he resigned in 1845 with the trifling rank of "College Assessor." Thereafter his mother reduced his allowance or cut it off altogether.

About this time he produced a little comedy significantly entitled "Without a Sou," but it was of little worth. He had not yet found himself, though he had fairly begun his literary career. As early as 1840 he had written *Three Portraits,* a tragic and revolting but powerful story. Between 1842 and 1847 he published critical articles, some poems, and several novels. He was devoted to the chase, and while hunting, sometimes for weeks, in the woods of Orel, he gathered material for those short stories which were the foundation of his fame, *The Memoirs of a Sportsman.*

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His relations with the cynical critic Biélinski began in 1843. Biélinski had praised Turgénief's verse, and the latter went to express his thanks. He found Biélinski "in a miserable but appropriate apartment; a man still young, worn with consumption, nervous, timid, and awkward." With this man Turgénief discussed interminably, even to the loss of his voice, the Europeanizing of Russia, in which Biélinski profoundly believed. Then they passed to other subjects. Once after discussing for six hours Biélinski exclaimed: "What, now, we know not yet if God exists, and you wish to dine!"

In 1847 Turgénief left Russia on the heels of Madame Viardot for a new pilgrimage. His relation with the Viardots was so intimate and continued through so many years that some account of these people should be given here. Louis Viardot was born in Dijon, France, in 1800; he was therefore some eighteen years older than Turgénief. He studied law in Paris, became a journalist, and for several years was manager of the Grand Opera. In company with George Sand and Pierre Leroux he founded *La Revue Independante* in 1841. He was the author of a history of the Arabs and Moors in Spain. Michele Ferdinande Pauline Viardot-Garcia, the daughter of Manuel Garcia, the Spanish singer and composer, and the wife of Louis Viardot, was a well-known French opera-singer and actress. She was twenty-one years younger than her husband and three years younger than Turgénief. From her mother she received voice-culture, and from Liszt instruction on the piano. Her sister Maria, known as Malibran, achieved fame and died at the early age of twenty-eight years. Pauline's voice was a mezzo-soprano of great sweetness and power. She appeared as a singer in public first in Brussels in 1837, when she was but sixteen years old. Six years later she came to sing for the first time in St. Petersburg, and at that time Turgénief's acquaintance with her began, since he writes in 1846, "We are already friends of three years' standing."

The young diva attracted many worshipers. The story is told that she had in her box at the opera a bear-skin with claws of gold. Four friends seated themselves on the four paws, and each of them in turn, in the intervals between the acts, had to tell a tale. Turgénief, it is said, was paw No. 3. He talked of Pauline to every one, even to his mother, Varvára Pétrovna, who, disquieted, went to hear

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" that cursed Bohemienne." To Biélinski he wrote describing his rapture on the day when she passed her perfumed handkerchief over his forehead.

When Turgénief left St. Petersburg in 1847 it was supposed to be solely on account of Pauline, who had now become Madame Viardot, but scarcely had he reached Berlin when he left her to go to Stettin to meet Biélinski and take him to Salzbrünner in Silesia for the waters there. In Salzbrünner he remained some weeks discussing with his friend as formerly in St. Petersburg. Then, one fine morning, he suddenly disappeared, forgetting his luggage. " The devil knows where he has gone," wrote Biélinski. The gossip in St. Petersburg was that Madame Viardot " had him confined in a castle of the Basque country, where from his window he converses with the wolves." The truth is that, sometimes with his friends, sometimes alone, he was in Paris, in Toulon, in Brussels, or elsewhere, according to his fancy or the state of his purse, which now only editors supplied, and seldom, with louis d'or.

At intervals, especially during the absence of the Viardots, he worked hard. He learned Spanish and read Calderon with enthusiasm. He read also many French authors; among the older, Corneille, Saint-Simon, Pascal, whom he greatly admired, also Xavier de Maistre and Madame Roland; among contemporaries, Michelet and George Sand. Most of his time was spent in Paris, which, for him as for other Russians, was France. Unlike them, however, he disdained the Parisian pleasures. During this time he wrote two comedies, " The Parasite " and " The Old Boy," also two novels, *The Journal of a Superfluous Man* and *Three Adventures,* and many of the stories in *The Memoirs of a Sportsman.* Part of the time he spent at Courtavenel, a house belonging to Madame Viardot in Brie. There he engaged in writing or in talking with the neighbors, the gardener, and the cook, Veronica, and playing with the dogs, Diane and Sultan. He has melancholy moods. He questions himself concerning " that indifferent, imperious, voracious, egotistic thing " that life is. In the background he suspects other forces more secret, but whether hostile or benevolent, who knows? One evening he hears two mysterious sighs. He says: " If some one at that moment had put his hand on my shoulder, I avow that I should have uttered a sharp cry."

About the middle of 1850 Turgénief returned to Russia.

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His biographer tells us that one day, in the field of Brie, he met a gray crow. The thought that this bird was perhaps a compatriot of his moved him to write:

"Corbeau! Corbeau!
Tu n'es pas beau,
Mais tu nous viens de mon pays.
Eh bien! retournes-y!"

He seems to have had little inclination to follow the migrating bird. His mother apparently had forgotten him. His dearest friends were in France. In Russia Dostoievski had just been exiled to Siberia, and Biélinski had escaped exile only by dying. He loved the plains and woods where he had so often tramped, fowling-piece in hand; but at the same time in his letters he speaks of "the well-beloved plains of Brie" and of Courtavenel as the place which he loved the most in the world.

Doubtless the increased illness of his mother was the determining cause of his return. She suffered from dropsy, and her disease rapidly grew worse, as did her temper. One of her last acts was an attempt, which fortunately failed, to impoverish both her sons, Ivan and Nicholas. Something of her spirit is shown by the fact that on the evening of her death, by her order musicians in the next chamber played polkas. Turgénief had gone to Turgeniévo, a little village left him by his father, and there waited, passing the time in hunting or sauntering about. In a letter to Madame Viardot he says:

"We see every day troops of cranes which move with their slow and regular flight toward the south. I know nothing more solemn than their cry, which seems to fall upon you from the clouds and to say: 'Adieu, poor little curs of men who cannot change your place. We go to the south; you remain in snow and misery!' But patience."

Here the news that his mother was dying came to him, but too late to permit him to see her alive.

On the settlement of the estate he found himself the possessor of an income of about $5,000 (25,000 livres) a year. In 1852 *The Memoirs of a Sportsman* were published in a volume, and he at once became popular and consequently suspected by the Russian government. The characteristically stupid tyranny of that government is ludicrously shown by the following incident. About this time Gogol died, and in a letter concerning him designed for publication Turgénief spoke of him as "a great man." These words the

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St. Petersburg censor canceled. Shortly before this a work on natural history had come under the eye of the same censor for examination, and he canceled the phrase "the majesty of nature," because this title belongs only to crowned heads! Turgénief did not pause to protest, but hastened to Moscow with the offending letter, and the Moscow censor passed it unmutilated. On Turgénief's return to St. Petersburg there was a tempest. The police remembered that in *The Memoirs of a Sportsman* the writer had shown "des preuves de mauvais esprit"—evidences of an evil mind—and he was arrested and for a little time confined at the police headquarters. Soon he was, not released, but sent to Spask, where he was kept under a veiled surveillance until 1854, when, through the influence of friends, he was permitted to return to the capital. During this enforced retirement he was by no means idle, for, besides reading much, he wrote additional *Memoirs of a Sportsman,* the novels *Two Friends* and *The Sleeping Waters,* and some critical articles, and began *Rudin.*

It was now recognized that he had become "the first writer of Russia." He took little interest in the war then raging in the Crimea, but the fall of Sevastopol afflicted him until he found consolation in the stories which the war had inspired in a certain Count Tólstoi. Soon he and the young author met. Their judgments on each other are interesting and even amusing. Tólstoi thought that Turgénief had "the thighs of a phrase-maker" *(les cuisses d'un phraseur)* whatever that may mean. Turgénief thought that Tólstoi was too vain of his title of Count. "Which was right," remarks Haumant, "it is difficult to say." A photograph of the time shows the two authors together amid a group of friends. Turgénief sits inclined slightly forward, with his hands on his knees, and there is a touch of vagueness and melancholy in his gaze; Tólstoi stands upright behind Turgénief, with his arms folded across his breast and a somewhat bitter and contemptuous expression on his face. The most offensive pose in the picture certainly is that of Tólstoi, perhaps, as Haumant says, "because he is the younger." *

With the close of the war Russian relations with western Europe were resumed, and travel again flowed from St.

*A little later Turgénief wrote to a friend: "I regret that I cannot draw nearer to Tólstoi, our views are so opposed, the one to the other."

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Petersburg and Moscow to Paris, to London, to Berlin, to Rome. Turgénief obtained a passport, and in July, 1856, crossed the frontier without regret. He was unmarried, but he had a daughter, the fruit of an amour as early as 1842. This daughter he had left in the care of Madame Viardot, and he wished to see her. He also wished once more to see his friends, and he had become anxious about his health. After this time, though he often returned to Russia, it was no longer his home, and his visits were brief. He traveled much, appearing almost every year at Paris, Soden, Vienna, Rome, London, the Isle of Wight, Spask, St. Petersburg, and other places. His restlessness was partly due to the real or fancied state of his health. He suffered from gout, though he was temperate in both eating and drinking. In imagination at least he had all the maladies which he described to his physicians, who were among the most eminent in France, Germany, and Austria. These sent him in turn to Rome for the air of the South, to the Isle of Wight for the sea air, to Soden for the waters, to Baden for the pines, even to Dijon, though for what is not apparent. For some time he had a morbid apprehension of cholera, indications of which he discovered everywhere. He believed that he was afflicted with a malady which "plays with its victims and gives them deceptive respites," as he said to his friend Anenkof, to whom he had written an eternal farewell, but who found him in Dresden quite gay.

His restlessness was due partly to an exacting nature. He loathed what he called the vulgar and low wit and blackguardism of the Parisians, though he immensely admired French taste. Rome attracted him strongly. From there he writes: "Nowhere else can one saunter with so much of charm, but in this sauntering thought is always busy. . . . One does not feel the fatigue and remorse which accompany vulgar and sterile idleness." But he needed the intellectual stir and attrition of a great European center of life and thought, and papal Rome was not such a center.

Germany had for him so strong an interest that he went thither every year. There he sought, not discussions nor great centers, but the peaceful and picturesque valleys which had charmed him in his student days and the small towns where he lived in the atmosphere of Hegel and Goethe and Schiller. But he tired of the German puerilities of taste, so he returned to Paris. Though he detested its "accumula-

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tion of human odors," the materialism of Balzac's bourgeois, the lack of breadth and poetry, he exclaims: "That villainous Paris! Nevertheless, I love it." Haumant says truly: "The ideal residence for him would have been one which should combine German nature with French taste." This he found in 1864, when, having left the stage, Madame Viardot established herself and family in Baden. Turgénief installed himself in a small house on Schiller Strasse; but three or four years later he built, near the Viardots, a villa in the style of Louis Treize, with a garden and an attractive outlook. To this he returned whenever the impulse to follow a Bohemian life spent itself. During his sojourns in Baden and Paris he was sought out by many of his fellow-countrymen, some of them for consolation or advice, more of them for money. The money they always got, if he had any, and the loan usually proved a gift. What he thought of some of his compatriots appears in the characters which he has drawn in *Smoke*.

His visits to Russia to look after his property were made each year with increasing apprehension because of the police, who questioned him sharply as to his life abroad. The state of the Russian people, especially the peasants and whilom serfs, distressed him. The publication of *Fathers and Children*, which first gave currency to the word "Nihilist," destroyed for a time his popularity. His old friends had disappeared, mostly by death, and he felt himself growing old.

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war he believed that the French would triumph, and their defeat greatly disconcerted him; yet he seems also to have had a prevision of the final result. He can even jest in his letters over the illusions of the French, the fall of Metz, "our glorious Bazaine," and "the incivility of the Germans who dared to cover with shame the invincible people." He did not share Dostoiévski's belief that defeat would regenerate the French nation, and says: "With their vanity, their horror of the truth, I doubt that they will ever rise again." In this, history has justified Dostoiévski and refuted Turgénief's pessimistic prophecy. Still he blames the ruthlessness of the Germans in burning Strasburg, thinks that the "champions of civilization" are worse conquerors than others, and condemns the annexation of Alsace.

He would have been content, however, to remain in Baden,

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if the Viardots also had consented to remain; but after the peace they removed to Paris and Turgénief, selling his villa, went to rejoin them. He told a friend that if they should go to Australia he would follow them.

The remainder of his life must be passed over rapidly. A few months after his arrival in Paris the Viardots and he bought the Villa des Frênes (Villa of the Ash-trees) in Bougival, a village near Paris, and here he made his final home. He still continued to go annually to Russia, but his health was broken and he suffered much from gout and from an even more distressful disease which finally proved to be cancer of the spinal cord.

Among French literary men his most intimate friend as well as warmest admirer was Flaubert. With him and other literary lights he often dined at the Café Magny, where Flaubert originated or revived the famous literary dinners known by the name of that restaurant. With him, too, he usually spent his Sundays. On the street his tall figure, long white hair, and great white beard soon made him popular among the common people. This vexed him. He said: "I am turning into the picturesque old man." His exterior and his origin interested the loungers; his work interested the literary people. Hetzel or Hachette published his great romances, one of them, *Smoke,* with a preface by Mérimée. His last works were the short stories *A Reckless Character* and *Clara Militch.*

In 1880, while in St. Petersburg, severe pains in the back kept him in bed. In 1882 he had to abandon his annual journey to Spask. On September 3, 1883, he died at Bougival after a long period of delirium caused by his terrible suffering. For two days before his death he was unconscious, and finally, after two sharp convulsions, he passed away. The Viardots were by his side. The body was taken to St. Petersburg, where it was received with the greatest honors. He had once said to Polónski: "Wait till we are dead; you shall see how they will treat us." His words were fulfilled. His biographer says: "His obsequies were a triumph such as has not been seen since those of Púshkin many years before. Two hundred and eighty-five deputations, an enormous crowd, accompanied the body to the cemetery where it reposes far from the Russian and foreign fields which he loved, but quite near Biélinski."

PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM.

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DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

It is now sixty-four years since De Tocqueville said that in writing *Democracy in America* his mind had been "constantly occupied by a single thought—that the advent of democracy as a governing power in the world's affairs, universal and irresistible, was at hand." These words were spoken while France was washing her hands of the blood of the Revolution of 1848. The Republic that the political philosopher deemed so securely founded has passed through strange vicissitudes since then.

Democratic liberty has not come as easily nor as quickly as De Tocqueville supposed. The struggle is even now going on everywhere. And this struggle is not without interest to the citizens of our democracy, which formed the inspiration of De Tocqueville's study and which commands a rapidly increasing influence in the affairs of the world.

Democracy in Europe and democracy in America convey two very different impressions. Their development and their ideals have remained distinct, owing to our isolation both geographical and historical. We are practically as far separated from feudalism and monarchy as the Aztecs. And the oceans have secured us that isolation which to-day is essential to national individuality. The development of popular government on both sides of the Atlantic, the one fresh and original, the other slowly working out of the encumbering traditions of the past, makes one wonder whether, after all, there is such a thing as "democracy," and whether such a person as a democrat *pur et simple* exists.

Government always implies a man, a committee, or a mob. The movement now is mobward. The masses are eagerly snatching the powers away from the man and the committee and are holding it in their own fingers. The scepter is transformed into a ballot. Power, authority, tyranny there must be; and who shall be the tyrant is simply a question of

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man or mass. At this moment Europe presents every gradation in this popularization of government from Switzerland to Russia.

France has always been a political yeast-pot. The Frenchman changes coats with the readiness of an actor, but he never changes heart. *Bourgeois* or *noblesse* or proletarian may wield the instruments of sovereignty, but the domestic life of the industrious, impulsive, imaginative Frenchman goes right on without even the quiver of an eyelash. Paris may be in a turmoil; France remains thrifty.

The Republic is not democratic, and it is a Republic in name only. It is a collection of communal tyrannies: it is a centralized bureaucracy. This is not mere paradox.

First it is a collection of communal tyrannies. This is due to the personal nature of the government. There are no well-organized political parties, as in England or with us. There is no party responsibility. In the Chamber of Deputies all shades of opinions are represented by numerous groups who guard their little distinctions with the intellectual jealousy known only among a people who have more fervor for idealization than for realization. There is only one disciplined political party, the united Socialists, and these are split into Jauresites and Guesdeists, who have each other continually by the ears.

It follows that the country is ruled by Deputies, not by parties. The Chamber of Deputies controls the ministry, and the ministry is the government. As long as the cabinet can swing a majority of the Chamber it remains in power—but no longer.

The result is singular. Where there is no party fealty and responsibility the individual Deputy is everything. The government depends on his vote, and his place depends upon the voters. He stands or falls as an individual. So he finds it necessary to please his electorate. He does this in many ways. Chiefly, however, by finding places on the Government pay-roll for as many of his constituents as possible. Appointments are made by the Government, and the Government needs the Deputy's vote. This is the charmed circle of French independence. In his own district the Deputy is a little political Tsar. In the Chamber he is a member of an aggregate Tsardom.

This pretty game of " ring around " the Deputy is played

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with great glee and gusto by these Gallic children. They average about two ministries a year. Each change is dramatic, accompanied by all those accomplishments of voice and gesture of which the Frenchman alone is master.

This democratic feature of the French constitution is neutralized by one of the most omnipotent systems of centralized bureaucracy in Europe. France has the decentralization of democracy in her legislative system; and has retained the centralization of Napoleonic autocracy in her administrative system. This places at the disposal of the ministry an enormous power, greater than that possessed even by the reactionary German officialdom. This power extends into every commune. Appointed state officials are given the veto power over local and departmental officers. It is the perennial complaint of the Socialists—*e. g.*, that they are hampered by the hostility of the administrative officers. Many towns and cities have Socialist mayors or councils, and many of their acts are reviewed by the higher administrative courts. When the localities determine to establish some municipal enterprise, like a drug-store or a street-car system, they find their acts promptly vetoed by this superior authority. Local autonomy is curtailed. Many French lawyers and publicists seem to regard this as wholesome. On the whole, the administrative officers are liberal in their treatment of local authorities and resort to the veto in extreme cases only. This is not the opinion of the localities. They resent the interference, and their temper has a prompt effect upon their Deputy, who in turn visits his disfavor upon the ministry that happens to be in power.

The dominion of the bureaucracy is not only administrative. It is also political. There are nearly a million functionaries in France. This includes, however, the workmen in the mint, the navy-yards, and the national tobacco and match works, as well as teachers, policemen, etc. There is one civil servant to every forty inhabitants and one to every eleven voters. A civil-service routine has been established, but it by no means places this great horde of public servants beyond the reach of the designing Deputy or the ambitious minister. The result is a clientelism that is stultifying both to servant and service. The minor officials are constantly made aware that they owe allegiance to some one higher up. The Deputy from the district needs votes: that is the all-important fact. And the ministry needs the Deputy. So

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there is a serried system of political alms-giving and personal political fealty from the Prime Minister down to the communal letter-carrier.

How effectively this duplex machinery can be used by a cabinet was shown during the critical times of the Dreyfus turmoil and the disestablishment of the Church which followed in its wake. The coalition between the Radicals and the Socialists that ruled during these eventful years did not hesitate to use every facility of power to control the situation. Combes, the premier, perfected a system of espionage that spread its network over every arrondissement. In every locality the Government had its spy or "*délégué*," whose duty it was to report every action of suspected functionaries. General André's army spies and their reports—the notorious "*fisches*"—became historic. They dogged the suspects to the church or caught them unawares drinking absinthe in out-of-the-way cafés, contrary to regulations. The one was evidence that the offender adhered to the church of the monarchists, the other that he flouted the rules of the Republic. His dismissal was a matter of course.

When these things were exposed, André had to resign. They show the possibilities of a system that has reproduced the clientelism of Rome. In place of the opulent and haughty patron dispensing favors to his sycophants, the French have *bourgeois* politicians dispensing political favors and demanding obeisance.

One hears less to-day of the secret political alliance called "freemasonry" that is supposed to unite the radical and Socialist elements into a secret and powerful opposition to Royalists and Clericals. On the other hand, the monarchists are never inactive. At present they are quite in evidence.

In spite of all this, France and the French go merrily on. Democracy is the ruling power in French politics. An observer who moves among the people wonders how much of a power it is in French life. The French are a nation of small farmers and shopkeepers. They cling to their property while they vote for Socialism or democracy, or a blend now popular, social democracy. They love possessions and they love political speculations. Their statecraft is touched with a kind of political poesy. They vote and debate with imaginative zeal. They pay taxes with stolid, commonplace silence. Not that the Frenchman does not take his politics seriously. He takes it as seriously as he takes religion or

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literature or art. There is only one thing he takes more seriously, his property. And he wants a government that will hold his property inviolate.

The French are, after all, the greatest realists. They speculate with democracy, but they never loose their grip on their Russian bonds and on their little shops and their little farms. Their Radicalism must respect property.

In Belgium the property question has entered politics in a very impressive manner. Here, as in many other countries, Socialism and Radicalism joined hands in a fight for universal suffrage, the first step toward democracy. The electorate was restricted to property-holders. In 1890 out of a population of nearly 6,000,000 only 133,000 were qualified electors. The struggle of the disenfranchised ones to wrest political power from the property-owners was accompanied by the general strike, the " class war " of the Socialist, who is always a democrat, for he must have the power of the State to accomplish the economic changes he has in mind. In 1886 the first general strike movement spread over this little industrial country, whose population is the densest, the most miserably housed, and the most illiterate in northern Europe. But the working-men were not well organized and the strike failed.

The political power was held by the Clerical party. There was a small group of Liberals in Parliament who were later augmented by a few Radicals. The Liberals and Radicals were in favor of an extended franchise, the Clericals were content to let things alone.

Outside of Parliament, outside the walls of political privilege, were the horde of Belgian workmen, now thoroughly organized for a determined fight. In 1892 riots occurred in various cities. Popular demonstrations, in which Liberals and Radicals joined, were held throughout the country. But Parliament remained obdurate. The Labor party ordered a general strike. It began in the coal-mines of Hainault, spread to the spinners and weavers of Ghent, to the glass and iron works of the Walloon district, and to the docks and shipping of Antwerp. While the mills and mines were idle the police were busy. In Brussels the determined mob pried up the paving-stones for weapons and held the capital in terror.

In the height of the excitement the Chamber of Repre-

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sentatives met and agreed upon a new franchise law. Immediately the general strike was declared off and the Labor party issued a proclamation: "The Labor party, through its General Council, records the insertion of manhood suffrage in the constitution. It declares that the first victory of the party has been won under pressure of a general strike."

The new law did not grant universal and uniform electoral rights. It gave a second and third vote to persons possessing certain educational and other qualifications. The Radicals immediately began an agitation to introduce proportional representation. In 1899 the Government brought in a bill conceding the right of proportional representation, but limiting it to the large districts, where the anti-Clericals were strongest. A huge protest was organized against this partial measure. In Brussels mobs surrounded the Chamber of Representatives, and the Socialist members tried to prevent business on the inside by resorting to mob tactics. Desk lids were banged, there was shouting and singing, and one Deputy had provided himself with a tin horn. The Government was compelled to adjourn the sitting. The mayors of Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and Liège waited on the king and told him they would no longer be responsible for the maintenance of order if the ministry did not accede to the popular demands. This had the desired effect and proportional representation for all districts was effected.

In 1902 a third general strike was called by the Labor party to compel the enactment of a law abolishing plural voting and establishing simple, universal manhood suffrage. But the strike was ill-timed and failed.

Here we have the interesting spectacle of the democracy resorting to force in order to wrest the right of franchise from a constitutional monarchy. Under the first election of the law of 1892, the Chamber of Representatives was constituted as follows: Clericals, 104; Liberals, 19; Socialists, 29. With the enactment of proportional representation the balance remained with the Clericals, but with a greatly reduced majority: Clericals, 85; Liberals, 31; Socialists, 32; Radicals, 3; Christian Socialists, 1.

Last August in Brussels a monster demonstration took place in favor of "Free Schools and Free Ballots." All progressives joined with the Socialists in this great meeting to impress upon the Government that their demands must be granted. When all property and educational qualifica-

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tions are removed, as they will be within a few years, the conservative Clericals will become a minority and one more Royal democracy will be added to the European sisterhood.

Germany presents the most medieval and the most democratic tendencies of Europe. It is not very easy to understand Germany. Her Government is feudal, her population democratic; both are dogmatic. German democracy hates German *Junkerdom,* and the *" Regierung "* hates the democrats. There is no middle ground, for there is no Liberal party in Germany. The party that bears that name is liberal neither in economic nor in political policy.

Germany is the realm of the drill sergeant. Efficiency is branded on every brow. Everybody obeys orders. And yet one-half of this order-loving people are Social Democrats whose fiery orators talk openly of the day when the God-ordained crown shall yield before man-ordained majorities. The drill sergeant represents the monarchy, the Social Democrat represents democracy. Both you find in their highest development in this land of perfect national routine and perfect municipal housekeeping.

Nowhere else has monarchy survived feudalism with such self-conscious splendor and with such a feudalistic sense of duty. The Kaiser earnestly attempts to be the German all-father. He is overlord and patriarch. The Hohenzollern theory is that the Hohenzollern heart is ample to embrace all subjects, even Socialists, and to provide for them all. The Iron Chancellor soon after the fusion of the new empire promulgated his industrial insurance laws in this spirit. The sick, the aged, the injured are all cared for, and the unemployed are bridged over their time of distress. One million marks a day is the cost of this paternalism. There are very few members of this paragon of organized efficiency who are not the recipient of some public moneys. Working-men, State officials of all grades, private employees *(privat angestellten),* almost every one except professional men and employers, are embraced in the ever-widening schedules of State beneficence.

Germany became the pensioner's Paradise because Bismark thought that his State insurance would insure the fealty of the subject. His great bribe failed dismally. Because the day of the subject has gone by forever; it has yielded to the day of the citizen.

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Bismark unquestionably was stimulated in his vast scheme for improving the material conditions of the working-men by Ferdinand Lassalle, the most brilliant Socialist of Europe. But Lassalle's motives and Bismark's were at antipodes. Lassalle would clothe and feed the humble worker that he might become a better fighter for his "rights"; Bismark would "give him something in his mouth," as he called it, to quiet his adjectives; Lassalle would feed the working-man to rouse him to battle, Bismarck would feed him to soothe him into quiescence.

Lassalle's idea has won. What would the great Chancellor say if he were a witness of recent events in his Empire? The Social Democrats, whom he hunted like wild animals, chasing them from town to town, forbidding their literature, stopping their meetings, disbanding their labor unions, imprisoning their leaders, ostracizing their writers, and attempting every gag rule known to shrewd parliamentarians to stop their mouthings in the Reichstag, these despised underlings have grown into the predominating political power in the Empire of the Hohenzollerns. To-day 110 Social Democrats sit in the Reichstag, the largest group in that body. And Herr Bebel, the wood-turner, who has crossed swords with every Chancellor and who is unquestionably one of the ablest men in European politics, came within a few votes of being chosen president of the national assembly, where Bismark tried in vain to deny him the right of free speech only thirty-five years ago.

Why? Because the Kaiser and his "*Regierung*" have blindly and bitterly fought the advance of democratic ideals. They crushed every middle-class effort toward true representative government. The legerdemain of Bismark, when he manipulated the great Liberal party of Prussia in the sixties and transformed it into a conservative stronghold, remains one of the greatest achievements of political necromancy in all history. But the reactionary statesmen of Germany failed to transform the Social Democrats, they failed to frighten them, and they failed to crush them. Middle-class democracy proved timid and worship-willing: the working-man's democracy remains bold and belligerent.

The election laws of the German states indicate the *bourgeois* attitude toward democracy. Universal manhood suffrage is almost unknown in the German states. In Saxony a new election law was passed only a few years ago. It

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divides the voters into four classes, according to income, and the members of each class have one, two, three, and four votes, according to their well-being. But the income, which is the basis of this stratification, must come from property or professional service. It cannot come from the handicrafts or daily labor. The result is obvious. The laboring-man gets one vote. He is in the majority in Dresden, Chemnitz, and Leipsic, thriving cities of Saxony. But this device keeps him in a perpetual political minority.

In Prussia the three-class system prevails. The taxes paid in the election precincts are divided into three classes: upper, lower, and middle. Those who pay the upper one-third are the first class, those who pay the middle third are the second class, and those who pay the lower one-third are the third class. Each of these classes chooses one-third of the electors, who, in turn, appoint the representatives to the Prussian diet. It often happens that one or two men pay one-third of the taxes of a precinct and one or two pay the middle third. The result is that the few in class one and two outvote the many in class three. So disastrous is this selective system to the Social Democrats that in a House of 422 members they have only seven seats, while they cast 23.9 per cent. of all the votes.

The ancient free cities—Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck—cling to electoral systems as ancient and gray as their charters. And so one might go through the entire roll of states.

There is no democratic basis to the German state. The members of the Reichstag are elected by universal suffrage. Bismark had to make this concession to the smaller states. But the Reichstag is only a debating society. The Chancellor is imposed upon it by the Kaiser. It holds the purse-strings, but the Kaiser holds the purse.

The spirit of the Government is dogmatic, unyielding. *Lèse majesté* still prevents free speech. Strictly speaking, there is no political liberty in Germany. Men are imprisoned for expressing certain political opinions. And men are punished for belonging to the Social Democratic party. No Social Democrat is appointed to office. He cannot even be the official valet to a Prussian lieutenant. When a high official in the civil service was asked if the public servants were free from political interference he said: "Absolutely so; we can do and think as we please, only we must have nothing to do with the Social Democrats. That means dismissal."

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The Government's excuse is: The Social Democrats are enemies of monarchy. On the other hand, the Social Democrats are no less arbitrary and dogmatic than the Conservatives. They hold themselves proudly aloof from all court functions. The members of the Reichstag never attend the receptions given by the high functionaries. In Saxony the democratic members of the legislature never grace the King's receptions with their picturesque presence. This phariseeism on both sides is very amusing. Last autumn when Berlin dedicated a new city hall the Social Democratic city officials refused to attend, because the programme provided that three cheers be given for the Kaiser. They never participate in any expression of good-will or confidence toward a Government that eyes them with suspicion and closes the doors of political opportunity in their face. The South Germans are more congenial in temper, and the King of Bavaria is not afraid to shake hands with von Vollmar, the able and patriotic leader of the Liberal wing of the Social Democracy.

This condition of affairs cannot last much longer. Democracy is bound to win in Germany. The last election, with its 4,250,000 Social Democratic votes, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of Radicals, cannot pass unheeded. There are two reasons why this self-imposed bureaucracy must yield. First the political reason: such a preponderating mass of voters will bend the back of even a Hohenzollern; and second, the economic reason. The German Empire has built up German greatness by artificial stimuli. State aid has bolstered up everything. This has checked that private initiative and personal ambition which is the enginery of success in a country where *laissez faire* prevails. Sooner or later this will prove fatal. Private enterprise must have an outlet. If the State chokes the economic outlet, it must provide another. Democracy offers an open door of political opportunity; and personal initiative in politics may be a corollary to State paternalism in industry. The first achievement of German democracy will be the amending of the federal consitution, making the Chancellor and his ministry responsible to the Reichstag. Without parliamentary responsibility representative government is a farce. Bismark knew this. He laughed up his sleeve when he threw the sop of universal suffrage to the little states and preserved the Kaiser a sovereign, with the sole power of naming the cabinet.

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For some years past the democrats in the Reichstag have brought in resolutions looking forward to this change. Now that they can summon a majority they may effect this great and popular change within a few years. Then will follow liberal suffrage laws. Alsace-Lorraine was given a new constitution last summer, with a provision for universal manhood suffrage. Bebel was jubilant over this democratic victory, and it was the first time in his long parliamentary career that he had voted with the Government on a constitutional question. This is the entering wedge. Even reactionary Prussia is now considering the widening of her electorate.

There is a good deal of misapprehension abroad about the German Social Democracy. It is democratic rather than Socialistic. Of Socialism pure and simple—if there is such a thing—you hear nothing. The party has receded step by step from its former silly isolation and has learned in the school of experience that theories will not win fights. The Government made Socialists through the medium of the police and the censor. When persecution ceases, Socialism will have become so identified with democracy that an observer will be baffled to tell the difference. As it is, the Marxian dogmas are almost forgotten lore. Social Democracy in Germany is Jeffersonian rather than Marxian. It is political, not economic. It seeks control of the Government, not of property. It pushes its "ultimate goal" farther and farther into the dim mirage of the unknown future.

Meantime a genuine middle-class liberalism will arise. Maybe the *Hansa Bund,* now well organized and active, will prove the nucleus of a party which will lure the middle-class liberal, who is still afraid of the red bogy of Social Democracy.

The ferment of a new political zeal has converted the phlegmatic, practical, stolid kingdom of the Briton into an Isle of Unrest. Burke, Bright, and Gladstone, the great Commoners, would be astounded at the changes that are being wrought in the democracy of the English.

Let us take two well-known examples: one economic, one political; one resulting from the other, and both the outgrowth of the radical enthusiasm of the people.

The first is the budget of Lloyd George, the daring Chancellor of the Exchequer. Two-thirds of the land of the

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kingdom is owned by about 12,000 persons. The ancient theory that land-owning confers social and political distinction is not extinct. The landed gentry have for centuries controlled the machinery of government, and therefore the devices of taxation. In consequence land values have been allowed to stand on an antiquated valuation made over 240 years ago, before there was a Liverpool, a Manchester, or a Leeds, and when the suburbs of London scarcely touched the precincts of Westminster. The Industrial Revolution completely shifted values. The new manufacturing centers created new and fabulous fortunes for the fortunate owners of the land; the barons, dukes, and lords, through no effort or virtue on their part, became the owners of cities, the landlords of teeming populations. A handful of men own the ground over which the sprawling municipal giant London is stretched. Ground rents and ninety-nine-year leases are the corner-stones of many English fortunes. All these years the lessors were taxed on modern values, the land-owners on ancient values, of their respective properties.

Lloyd George is an advocate of vast schemes of social reform. These cost money. And he conceived the revolutionary idea of raising the money from the land-owners—the "land monopoly," he calls it. He determined to have a new land valuation and to tax the unearned increment. His famous land budget was received by the populace with enthusiasm and passed the House of Commons by a very large majority. But the House of Lords balked. This was natural. They were nearly all landed proprietors, many of them hereditary owners of vast acreages that would be heavily burdened by the new tax. The radical tide that swept the neo-Liberals into power dashed itself into fury on the conservative obduracy of the Lords, who considered themselves beyond the reach of the democratic tempest. They vetoed the budget.

Not since the days of Queen Anne had the Lords dared to break the precedent of centuries that accords to the House of Commons the sole privilege of controlling financial legislation. The resentment of the Commons was instant. They at once asked the King to prorogue Parliament and appealed to the people to decide on the budget. After a spirited campaign in which war songs were blended with vehement oratory the budget won by a substantial majority. A popu-

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lar chorus, sung everywhere to our tune of "Marching through Georgia," reveals the spirit of the contest:

> "The land, the land, God gave us all the land.
> The land, the land, the ground on which we stand.
> Why should we be beggars with the ballot in our hand?
> God gave the land to the people."

The Lords, submitting to the decree of the electors, consented to the budget, and the most revolutionary piece of economic legislation since John Bright's Repeal Act was spread upon the royal parchments.

Democracy had wrested a democratic budget from aristocracy, but it was not content. The last vestige of legislative power was now taken from the reluctant peers. Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, brought in his famous Parliament Bill. It deprived the House of Lords of the power of altering a "money bill" and gave the House of Commons the power of passing any other bill over the Lords' veto. In short, the House of Lords was deprived of legislative authority and converted into a clumsy and top-heavy advisory council.

Naturally the peers did not wish to officiate at their own funeral. The bill that had received 120 majority in the representative chamber met a stubborn majority of 500 against it in the hereditary chamber. Then the Prime Minister quietly announced that "on the advice of His Majesty's ministers" the King had consented to create enough new peers to insure the passage of the Act. Four hundred new peers, and all at once! The social value of a coronet reduced by fifty per cent. in the stock exchange of snobdom! This had an instantaneous effect. Enough peers refrained from voting and enough bishops were thrust into the Liberal lobby to insure a majority for the bill. Thus the last vestige of hereditary privilege in legislation was wiped out of the British constitution.

The result was received by the people with less emotion than the returns of a famous cricket-match or a Henley regatta.

To an eye-witness during the debate in the Commons and again during the passage of the bill through the House of Lords two things stood forth markedly. First, the almost entire absence of constitutional or legal arguments presented in either House, by either side, for or against the bill. Some of the members in private said they had read *The Federalist* to fortify themselves on the comparative

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virtues of a bi-cameral or a uno-cameral system. But such researches never cropped out in the debate. The discussion was political; the participants contented themselves with throwing partisan spit-balls at one another.

The second thing noticeable was the lack of popular interest in the "revolution." One day there were not twenty members on the benches during the debate on the second reading in the House of Commons, and a Labor member admonished the speaker that "during this hour of a grave constitutional crisis only twenty men are found brave enough to face the country's danger!" Even the indolent crowds around Westminster that can be collected at a minute's notice were indifferent to the proceedings. In Gladstone's day, when Home Rule was in the caldron, throngs used to gather daily to see the great Commoner alight from his carriage. Even this idolatry of the masses was lacking.

These instances indicate the advancement of the spirit of democracy. Democracy is now so commonplace in England, the populace is so self-assured of its premiership, that it can forget the critical periods of legislation, can content itself with the routine of its daily toil and ignore the routine of its politicians. In a democracy the people are aroused only when they sense danger.

Following up its new Radicalism, England now proposes to abolish all property qualifications for voting. The "latch-key" franchise is to give way to universal manhood suffrage and probably a limited female suffrage. The last session of the House of Commons voted its members a salary of $2,000 a year. Hitherto they had been unpaid. Under proposed legislation the state is to assume all necessary election expenses. These costs, including printing of ballots, payment of election judges, etc., are now borne by the candidates, and, as they often run over $3,000, the poor man is shut out. The Labor members have their expenses paid by the unions.

So the bars of political privilege are all being taken down, and a new herd of office-seekers are swarming into the public pastures. The new element is introducing a new species of legislation. It is social legislation. Grave ministers of state make long speeches on the death-rate of babies in cities; on the cost of living; on that most heart-breaking of modern woes, non-employment. Even Gladstone foresaw the day when the social questions would absorb politics.

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But Gladstone could not foresee that an extreme Socialist like Keir Hardie would be faithfully reported in the *Times*, or that the Celtic fervor of a Lloyd George would bring about Wesleyan changes in the Whig party, or that a Balfour would spend his declining days in proving that Conservatism will not allow Liberalism to monopolize "the people's cause," or that the brilliant, word-loving Lord Rosebery, the national orator, would repeat for the hundredth time, "We are all Socialists now."

This neo-democratic movement in all of these countries has one common characteristic—it arises from one common source. The laboring-men are "finding themselves," as the German idiom forcefully puts it. It would be more accurate to say that they have found themselves. They are pressing their social and economic demands through the avenues of politics, and democracy is the form of government which yields most readily to their demands. The laboring-men and their sympathizers are, therefore, forcing democracy upon kingdoms and principalities. This is a new force in political life, a potency De Tocqueville could not foresee.

This new democracy is Social Democracy. It has for its prompter no elaborate political philosophy, such as Rousseau and Godwin formulated over a century and a half ago for the "brotherhood" or political-equality democracy, of which our Declaration of Independence is an outgrowth. There are no scintillating epigrams or "axioms" to arouse the enthusiasm of the logician and the super-refined discriminations of the pedant. To-day this democracy of the blouse is prompted by hard facts and the urgent necessities of the moment.

European democracy is Social Democracy because the social question is dominant, and the social question is dominant because labor has entered politics. In every European country a Labor party is organized. It is usually more or less "Socialistic." But it does not disdain practical politics. It can forget the vagaries of Utopian economics in the ardor of the hour. These organized workmen have a most effective way of making themselves understood and feared. In France they have 120 members in the Chamber of Deputies. Their enthusiasm varies from the quixotic violence of the anarchistic Syndicalist to the cautious intellectualism of Millerand and Briand. In Belgium the Labor party domi-

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nates the Liberal element; and it does not hesitate to resort to the powder and curbstone argument to compel the old order to make way for the new. In Germany the laboring-man has permeated the army with a new internationalism, has brought about profound changes in municipal and national lawmaking, and has brought the Empire to the verge of parliamentary democracy. And in England the Labor party, with its forty members in Parliament and its million voters, has compelled a coalition with the Liberal party that virtually places at the disposal of labor all the prerogatives of Empire.

Democracy in Europe has attained a new impetus through the political organization of labor and has achieved power through forcing a coalition of Socialists, Radicals, and Liberals: a coalition which foreshadows greater changes in the international policies of Europe and the internal polity of its empires than did the conquests of Charlemagne, the triumphs of Cromwell, the genius of Frederick the Great, the ambitions of the Bourbons, and the havoc of the military minotaur, Napoleon Bonaparte. Because it is shifting government from a property to a personal basis. It is creating a new political paternalism and is threatening that individualism which Americans have been taught to revere as the mother of progress.

In the light of recent movements in Europe our democracy remains the most conservative democracy in the world. Can you imagine a transformation in the Federal Senate such as the English democrats affected in their House of Lords? Or the kaleidoscopic changes of Paris taking place at Washington? Or the Erfurt Programme of Herr Bebel's party adopted as the platform of either of our great parties?

It is true we have no burdensome militarism, no hereditary tinsel, and have achieved universal manhood suffrage. In spite of all this, democracy in Europe is more radical in theory and in practice than democracy in America. This will remain true just as long as the laboring-men continue to trust the promises of the old parties. When their suspicions and their prejudices impel them to organize a genuine political Labor party of their own, European Social Democracy will invade our Capitol.

Maybe that day is not far distant.

SAMUEL P. ORTH.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

BEAUTY AND UGLINESS. By VERNON LEE and C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMAS. New York: John Lane & Co., 1912.

THOSE who are accustomed to Vernon Lee's literary and scenic essays will be surprised at the technical nature of this volume, which aims at giving a tentative basis for æsthetic theory. The volume is not easy reading, nor for the technical student has the author taken the time and trouble to give her book systematic structure. The original basis of the book was an article in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1900. In this essay the author distinguishes between æsthetics and art. She points out that while all demands involved in every form of art are demands of pleasure, many of them are consistent with the perception and production of ugliness. Unfortunately the author has not troubled to supply her essay with illustrative examples, but to a lover of painting this assertion is conclusively proved by such painting as Tura's. No one can question its lasting interest or value any more than its striking ugliness. On the other hand, Vernon Lee gives the rather intricate and involved definition of æsthetics that its primary object is differentiated by the attempt to avoid as much ugliness and attain as much beauty as the particular circumstances will admit. Having carefully made this distinction between the nature and demands of art (pp. 4 and 5) and the nature and demands of æsthetics, the writer further on gives the following confusing definition, not of æsthetics, but of art:

"Art, therefore, is the manifestation of any group of faculties, the expression of any instincts, the answer to any needs, which is to any extent qualified, that is to say, restrained, added to, altered, or deflected, in obedience to a desire totally separate from any of these, possessing its own reasons, its own standards, and its own imperative, which desire is the æsthetic desire. And the quality answering to this æsthetic desire is what we call Beauty; the quality which it avoids or diminishes is Ugliness."

The author then proceeds to refute Ruskin's definition which treats beauty as servant to utility. She argues that wherever art is not disturbed by a desire for novelty comparison between works of art of different kinds, periods, and climates will show a tendency to recurrence of proportions, shapes, patterns, and composition showing that mankind has always normally preferred certain peculiarities of symmetry and asymmetry, balance and accent. As one of the most important contributions of modern æsthetics to an ultimate theory of beauty, Vernon Lee gives the distinction now made between the qualities of the visible figure and the qualities suggested by the identification of this form

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with a given object; the definite distinction between the thing seen and the thing suggested. The thorough realization of form implies in the beholder a definite activity; a reaction which is pleasant or unpleasant as it facilitates or hampers our own vitality. At this point we come to what may be considered the most vital contribution of this volume to a theory of æsthetics; namely, the increase of vitality through æsthetic perception. Titchener's theory of Empathy or Lipps's Einfühlung is the subject of the second long essay, while one hundred pages are given to casual extracts from the gallery diaries of Vernon Lee and her two assistants. These extracts are distinctly disappointing. More than anything else they form a mass of unsorted material for the psychologist. The interplay of the different arts—*i.e.*, music and painting—in Vernon Lee's temperament offers less than she evidently fancied to the untechnical student. In the main, what one derives from these diary extracts is that the habitual student derives much less joy from the contemplation of works of art than the general observer. Important, however, in the highest degree, and easily upheld by any lover of art who is at the same time capable of watching the reactions upon himself of the contemplation of art, is the quickened respiration and adjustment of equilibrium which Vernon Lee notes as the natural reaction of æsthetic enjoyment. One often hears the uninitiate express this by saying that the effect of looking at a beautiful painting is the same as drinking a glass of champagne.

Although narrowing somewhat the range of æsthetic empathy in the explanation of artistic phenomena, Vernon Lee asserts that every æsthetic form embodies in its individual reality the emphatic preferences of one individual, so that the æsthetic form which gives us joy is giving us the finest vital rhythms and patterns of a rich, harmonious individual and the scheme, so to speak, of what has proved most beneficial and enduring in the vital modes of the race.

To this one must add that while the present writer speaks of the satisfaction of the physical needs—sleep, food, generation, as being the responses of the individual need, unrelated to the persistence of personality, she says that wherever the individual has come to exist as a part of the universe, or as a soul, under penalty of destruction, the microcosm must stamp itself upon the macrocosm, thus reducing chaos to harmony and to definite structure. In this wise, art becomes a school for the unity of purpose and plan, without which consciousness would disintegrate and the soul disappear.

TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON. London: Macmillan & Co., 1912.

All that is necessary to know of Lord Tennyson as man and as poet is now before the public. Both of the present Lord Tennyson's Memoirs of his father have partaken of the nature of a medley or a collection of estimates. In the former volume there were reminiscences by Gladstone, Jowett, Lecky, Locker-Lampson, Palgrave, Tyndall, and Aubrey de Vere. To the present volume, Lady Tennyson contributes a simple but interesting chapter on her early youth and pre-marital acquaintance with the poet. The words of her story are as clear-cut, sincere, and lovely as the line drawing of her profile by Watts which precedes it. William Rawnsley

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has contributed a careful study of Tennyson's country about Somersby as it appears in his poetry. Especially in *In Memoriam* he finds the characteristics of the Lincolnshire scenery as it doubtless appeared to the poet in his long walks with Arthur Hallam. To many, doubtless the most interesting chapter will be that on the poet and his two brothers, Frederick Tennyson and Charles Tennyson-Turner. Both Frederick and Charles were poets of no mean accomplishment and would have been more read and better appreciated but for the overshadowing of their greater brother. Frederick, particularly, with his foreign strain both in looks and character, his scorn for the "high jinks of the high-nosed," and for those who go through life with "well-cut trousers and ill-assorted ideas"; with his mysticism, independence, vivacity, and true insight, is both a poet and a character worth knowing.

The chapter on Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Carlyle, and others by Dr. Warren of Magdalen, Oxford, is full of quite delightful anecdote and reminiscence, bringing before us the original personality of one of the most obscure of great English poets. Like Shelley, Fitzgerald has the charm of having lived and died without appreciation and without himself having guessed how great an artist he was.

This volume is somewhat padded by selections from Tennyson's poems which touch upon his friends and by reminiscences which are very fragmentary and casual. It may be said of Tennyson as of very few great poets that he received his crown from his own generation. He was perfectly suited to his own day. There was but mild revolt either in his life or his work from the accepted formulas of his time. He was broad enough, it is true, to admire "the pious variers from religion" and to write of the truth in honest doubt which exceeded that in half the creeds. But *par excellence* he was the poet of the latter half of the nineteenth century. He did not lead on into broader fields of thought and speculation, as did Shelley or Swinburne or Browning. He was content to say beautifully, at times with supreme charm, what the majority already believed. He told men what they knew and what they liked to hear, and he told it in exalted and wonderful language.

"Unto each man, his handiwork, unto each his crown
A just fate gives."

Tennyson was a great poet by virtue of beautiful form rather than original thought. Greater poets must wait their greater rewards.

Two Visits to Denmark. By Edmund Gosse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1912.

One's first attitude toward this volume of desultory recollection is one of distrust. Why, indeed, should a man of Edmund Gosse's standing make a book of the haphazard impressions of two visits to Denmark made, respectively, forty and thirty-eight years ago? The book, as the author forewarns, is neither a record of adventure nor a tourist's guide. Yet the book justifies itself, not only by the author's well-known charm of manner and personality, but because it portrays minutely what is now so swiftly vanishing from the face of the earth—the small, detached nation. When one reads of the function and value of such communities, their force as

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a conservative power, one is reminded of the small town communities in the West and South of our own land.

Edmund Gosse went to Denmark under the happiest of circumstances, with letters of introduction that took him as permanent guest into the family of the popular and learned Primate of the Danish church. From the Primate's house the young student went out to meet all who were interesting in the political, literary, musical, and ecclesiastical circles of Denmark. Niels Gade, especially, furnishes him with material for delightful portraiture. The author's description of his acquaintance with, and interest in, Georg Brandes and the horror and repulsion which this young writer aroused in Denmark, is very amusing. Such was the violence of feeling toward one who sought his culture outside the beaten track, that Grosse had to request the young man not to return his call at the Primate's house. The only parallel which the author can cite is the universal suspicion and scurrility which Shelley's name excited in England some half-century earlier; or poor Swinburne, a decade before. Although Brandes had written no *Proserpina* and no *Dolores* as a slap in the face of the Philistine, he was a Jew and had defied the effete intellectuality of Denmark and had drawn on foreign sources—Germany, England, and France—for ideas. The tone of Copenhagen, at that time, says Gosse, "was graceful, romantic, orthodox. There was wide appreciation of literary speculation of a kind, kept within the bounds of good taste, reverently attached to the tradition of the elders."

Molbeck's description of being in Rome with Björnsen and Ibsen is delightful. It was, he said, "a weary, a weary thing! They were like two tom-cats parading and swearing and snarling at each other, yet each bored to death if the other were not present. They collected their adherents behind them; they were two well-defined parties. I assure you, if it amused the Norwegians, it was death to us easy-going Danes and Swedes. At last, Björnsen took himself off. Oh! what a sigh of relief we gave! And Ibsen came into the club, and glanced around, and snarled, and there was no one to snarl back at him!"

Anecdotes of great men that show them with all the foibles of lesser ones, more frankly displayed, are full of interest, and one cannot but enjoy hearing that William Morris, upon being disappointed in the prompt arrival of guides and ponies for an excursion, flung himself at full length on the grass, pulling up great handfuls of it in his frenzy of displeasure. Guides and ponies being descried in the distance, the great poet arose refreshed, rather than injured, by this free expression of emotion.

The Denmark which Edmund Gosse knew and described was beginning to change and to disappear in 1874. Before very long the entire world will be so brought together by facilities of intercommunication that there will be no indigenous and native culture, cut off and differentiated from the general culture of the world. It is as a record of such a culture and such a community that this charming volume of reminiscence justifies itself and delights the reader.

Social Life in the Insect World. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: The Century Company, 1912.

The truly great inevitably escape crowning by their contemporaries.

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Shakespeare was considered inferior as a poet to Ben Jonson in his own day; Shelley was never known as a great poet while he was living, and Henri Fabre, in his ninetieth year, is reported as almost starving but for the tender care of Sisters of Charity. He was reckoned by Darwin among the greatest of the world's chosen; Victor Hugo called him the "Insects' Homer." He made possible such books as Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee,* Rostand's *Chantecler,* and the wonderful German *Maikäfer Comodie.* His introduction to the general English-reading public was also happily performed by Maeterlinck, who is none too profuse with such favors. He speaks of him as "one of the most profound and inventive scholars and one of the purest writers, as well as one of the finest poets of the century just past."

Fabre's great work, *Souvenirs Entomologiques,* fills ten large volumes devoted to minute observation of the habits and aspects of the insects of his native Provence. The present book is one to put in the hands of any intelligent child, and, despite himself, the social life and domestic romance of insect life will become as interesting as the adventures of Jack the Giant Killer. Is it not interesting, for example, after having the ant held up to us all our lives as a model of all the virtues, to learn that, like many a thrifty wealth-begetter, he is an ungrateful, shameless grafter who does not hesitate at cunning and theft? The truly industrious worker, who shares all her powers with the needy and suffering, and willingly accepts poverty in order to do good, is the grasshopper! There is a touch of contempt in the great scientist's rebuttal of the old fable of the ant and the cigale and his scorn of "the prudence ripe of farthing-snatchers." He tells how the ant robs and torments and exploits the cigale, and then, when winter comes and the short-lived cigale sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, the wicked little ant makes a final meal of the corpse.

> "Hoarders of farthings, I know, deuce take it,
> It isn't the story as you would make it!
> Crook-fingers, big-bellies, what do you say,
> Who govern the world with the cash-box—hey?
>
> "You have spread the story with shrug and smirk,
> That the artist ne'er does a stroke of work;
> And so let him suffer, the imbecile!
> Be ye silent! 'Tis you, I think,
> When the cigale pierces the vine to drink,
> Drive her away, her drink to steal;
> And when she is dead—you make your meal."

The large, light volume before us, with its fourteen beautiful insects, treats of the cigale, its relation to the ant, its burrow, song, and eggs. The song of the white-ash cigale is delightfully described as "Like a bag of dried walnuts being shaken in a bag till the shells broke."

The following chapters are on the ants, the scarabæus, the field cricket, the Italian cricket, the beetle, the *philanthus Aviporus,* a sort of cannibal bee; the emperor moth, whose romantic courtship has no parallel in the literature of humanity except in the great old fairy-tales where

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lovers galore came to die or to win the one great princess of the world. The truffle-hunter, the elephant beetle, the pea-weevil, the haricot-weevil, the gray cricket, and pine-chafer share the remainder of the volume. The romance, the poetry, the purpose of insect life is so delightfully brought out in these chapters that the most untechnical cannot fail to enjoy, even as one enjoys the great Hudson's books on Nature, while it is comforting to know from the best authorities that we are reading no popularizer of science, but one of the most original investigators living, of whom Maeterlinck says:

"To the patience, the precision, the scientific minuteness, the protean and practical ingenuity, the energy of a Darwin in the face of the unknown, to the faculty of expressing what has to be expressed with order, clearness, and certainty, the venerable anchorite of Sérignan adds many of those qualities which are not to be acquired, certain of those innate good poetic virtues which cause his sure and supple prose, devoid of artificial ornament and yet adorned with simple and, as it were, involuntary charms, to take its place among the excellent and durable prose of the day, prose of the kind that has its own atmosphere, in which we breathe gratefully and tranquilly, and which we find only around the great works."

One example of this prose must suffice:

"At this season, in the hours of twilight, the pine-chafer comes every evening, if the weather is fine, to visit the pine-trees in the garden. I follow its evolutions with my eyes. With a silent flight, not without spirit, the males especially wheel and wheel about, extending their great antennary plumes; they go to and fro, to and fro, a procession of flying shadows upon the pale blue of the sky in which the last light of day is dying. They settle, take flight again, and once more resume their busy rounds."

THE LIFE OF NIETZSCHE. By FRAU FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. Vol. I. THE YOUNG NIETZSCHE. New York: Sturgis & Walton, 1912.

Despite its tone of untutored adulation, Frau Förster-Nietzsche offers in this first volume of the life of her brother almost the ideal biography. It is not critical, but it may be that the deepest love sees truest, and this book would go far to making one understand one of the most contradictory characters in modern literature. The time covered by this volume is that from 1844 to 1876. That the character portrayed is not quite so superhuman as the devoted sister would have us believe is as transparent a fact as that her descriptions of the personal appearance of the beloved brother do not tally with the photographs given. A fine, high brow, a well-set ear, and deep-set eyes are the only claims the photographs of Nietzsche make to good looks. The nose is too short, broad, and stubby, while whatever beauty mouth, chin, and facial angle might have boasted is completely hidden by the long, fierce, bushy mustache. His face has none of the beauty and refinement of his father's or of Frau Förster-Nietzsche's own as shown in the portraits.

The first half of this volume is long drawn out and gives the fairly ordinary biography of a conscientious, clever, self-conscious boy. From

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the very beginning, one notices that in Nietzsche the intellect was never corrected by the intuitions. His brain constantly overruled his heart. He seems never to have known how much more deeply the heart is rooted in the vital nature of things. The strongest influences of his whole life were not as with most men, human affections, responsibilities, duties. They were Hellenism—a sort of idealization of Greek culture—Schopenhauer, and Wagner. It is worth noting that only one of these influences held its place in his estimation to the end—the furthest removed, Hellenism. Upon Schopenhauer's negation of the will to live he built his everlasting "Yea"; and Wagner with his music of the future served him a bare seven years, and the first great festival at Beyreuth set him to longing for pure melody.

Every step in the development of so rare and original a genius as Nietzsche's is of value to the psychologist, and many of the more cryptic passages of *Zarathustra* become clear in the light of the personal life. As a young student at Bonn, Nietzsche's difficulties in keeping to the beaten path began, and in a letter to his sister, he writes:

"Every true faith is real if it accomplishes that which the person adopting it hopes to find; it does not offer the smallest grounds, however, for the demonstration of an objective truth. It is here, then, that man comes to the cross-roads. Do you desire spiritual peace and happiness?—very well, then, believe! Do you wish to be a disciple of truth? So be it! Investigate! But between the main roads there are a host of turnings. What counts, however, is the principle of your desire."

At a critical moment in Nietzsche's life, Schopenhauer's *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* fell into his hands, and at his most lonely period Wagner and Frau Cosima Wagner offered him their friendship and the hospitality of Triebschen. That the friendship between Nietzsche and Wagner could not last is clear to any one who perceives character. Wagner was the center of his own universe and suffered no unrelated activities. He was always afraid that "this Nietzsche would, in the end, go his own way." Nietzsche was not only sure sooner or later to outgrow any personal loyalty, but was also by way of being a tyrant himself who bore with intolerance divergences of opinion. The volume contains a most revealing story of his revulsion of feeling when a certain friend considered turning Roman Catholic. His sister, who worshiped him and believed in him always, was the chief *persona grata* in his life. Indeed, it was largely through her care and sheltering love that the life and work of this colossal egoist was made possible, and in view of this it is hard to forgive the fact that he has written of women with more brutal vulgarity than any German writer since Luther. The present volume takes one through the production of *The Birth of Tragedy* and the two volumes of the *Thoughts Out of Season* and one volume of *Human, all too Human,* to the point of the definite break with Wagner.

The second volume is to be called *The Lonely Nietzsche,* and will be in every way the more important, since it must deal with the development of the thinker's life through the genesis and execution of such important work as the *Also Sprach Zarathustra* and the *Généalogie des Morals,* etc. Whatever the ultimate status of Nietzsche as thinker and as poetic philosopher may be, such understanding of him as is possible will be greatly advanced by the loving and admiring biography of this devoted sister.

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HENRI BERGSON, THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHANGE. By W. WILDON CARR. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack, 1912.

No philosophy, not even that of the late Dr. James, is of more vital import to the modern student of philosophy than that of Bergson, with his insistence upon an ever-creating flow of life and a growing evolution. He combines, like James himself, with depth and originality of thought, a natural and lucid style, so that his philosophy is not cut off from the common or garden reader by a technical jargon.

The present volume serves the purpose of an excellent introduction to the philosopher. In seven short chapters the author manages to give a general survey of the ground covered by Bergson in *La Perception du Changement, Matière et Mémoire,* and *L'Évolution Créatrice.*

Chapter III., on Instinct and Intelligence (or, more correctly, "Intellect"?), is a clever and short summary of those pages in Chapter II. of *L'Évolution Créatrice* which treat of the divergent directions taken by torpor, instinct, and intellect. Here Bergson points out that the cardinal error which has vitiated philosophy, from Aristotle on, is to see in vegetative, instinctive, and rational life three successive stages of one and the same tendency instead of three divergent directions of the life-force that split as it grew. Wildon Carr condenses and clarifies in this Introduction Bergson's contention that what the intellect can offer us are limitations of our apprehension which we often mistake for limitations of reality itself. Intellect, after all, is but one of many adaptations of the consciousness which is life. Another mode of adaptation is instinct—a vital force of adaptation which is not knowledge in any usual sense of the word; rather is it the natural affinity of organisms mutually dependent upon one another. Nothing could be more clearly or concisely given than Mr. Carr's summary of Bergson's distinction between intellect and instinct and the varying kinds of knowledge which they give us —the intellect with its power to choose, dependent upon the ideal representation of the action before it is carried out, making for fuller deliberation and greater consciousness; instinct, with its immediate and automatic action without hesitation or deliberation, resting upon an organic fitness which does away with vain efforts and growth of skill by means of experience. We regret that here the author did not quote one of Bergson's most incisive and suggestive conclusions, namely, that it is the intelligent being alone that "bears within himself the power to transcend his own nature." Intelligence it is, then, which keeps alive the plastic power of growth, development, and change. So the formal knowledge of intelligence has the immense advantage over the material knowledge of instinct that it is a *form,* which just because it is empty can be filled with any number of things in turn, so that formal knowledge is not limited to what is practically useful. Thus there are aims to which intelligence alone can point, though by itself alone it can never reach them. Instinct could reach such goals, but by itself it will never aim at them.

The final chapter of this volume is entitled "Creative Evolution," and is practically a summary of Bergson's magnificent third chapter in the book of that same title. It is sufficient to remind the reader that this chapter deals with: "The Meaning of Life," "The Order of Nature," "The Form of Intelligence," "The Life of the Body and the Spirit."

This short book will clear the reader's mind of any bewilderment which

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a sudden grappling with the longer books of Bergson himself might induce, and set him in tune for the profoundest and most original of modern philosophers, one of whose kindest messages to humanity is that the past can never perish, and the future lies before us to be made.

SIR WILLIAM BUTLER. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir W. F. BUTLER, G.C.B. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

This book contains the record—we might almost say, the daily record—of the life of a very distinguished soldier-servant of the British Empire. Sir William Butler, like many another able British officer, was an Irishman. He was also a Catholic, a Liberal, and, apparently, a Home-Ruler. These qualifications may throw some light on his career. His own writing ends with his departure from South Africa in 1899, just before the Boer War began. His daughter, Miss Eileen Butler, in a short "Afterword," completes the record, and the autobiography was edited by her.

Sir William Butler became best known, to Americans, at least, because he did *not* command the British forces in their conflict with the Boers. He was born in "Butler's country" in Ireland, a section which takes its name from the great family to which he belonged. He entered the army in 1858 as an ensign in the Sixty-ninth Regiment, just missing the Crimean War and the Mutiny, in which many of his later friends had served. He was ordered to Burmah, and thereafter ranged the British Empire from east to west and from north to south, from Rangoon to the Red River of the North, from Dublin to Durban, seeing service in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. He heard the "morning drum-beat" over a large part of the globe. No man could have had these experiences without being interesting. Moreover, he was endowed with high intelligence and sympathetic imagination, and writes with vigor and a pleasant style. Several times he served in Canada, and one of his earliest commanders was Sir Garnet Wolseley, for whom he conceived a life-long attachment and admiration. He was with him in the Ashanti War and in the Egyptian campaign which culminated in the battle of Tel-el Kebir and the destruction of the power of Arabi Pasha, whose life he was instrumental in saving.

The immense range of his subjects is illustrated by the index, which, beginning with Aboukir and the Afghan War, extends to the Zulu Campaign, and embraces such names as Arabi Pasha and the Archbishop of Cambray, Cetewayo and Cromwell; Chinese Gordon, De Lesseps; Disraeli, Gladstone, Grant, and Grouchy, and many others whose mere names suggest a thousand associations. In connection with the Zulu War he relates the circumstances which led to the death of the Prince Imperial, and tells of a visit to Cetewayo, then imprisoned at the Cape, and of taking him some rushes from his native land, without which the old warrior could not sleep.

"He was delighted to get this little bit of his beloved Zululand in his dreary four-walled prison. It was the same as putting a bit of green sod into the cage of a lark; only the unfortunate Zulu king wept when he saw these reminders of his old home, and he said to the interpreter, as he shook my hand, 'Say to him that he has brought sleep to me; now I can rest at night.'"

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Battle-fields have the greatest attraction for him. When on furlough he would turn aside to visit them, and thus he inspected the fields of Austerlitz, Marengo, Wagram, Aspern, Malplaquet, Fontenoy, Jemappes, and others.

In early life he examined the ground of the Waterloo campaign, of which he writes at length, and he relates how the "Great Captain" had marched his army to within thirty miles of Wellington and seventeen of Blücher, while the "Iron Duke" and "Marshal Vorwaerts" thought him still in Paris. He tells how his supreme skill was neutralized by the treachery of two of his officers who deserted to his enemies and informed them of his presence.

He heard the echoes of our own great war, and about the *Alabama* he tells this as one of his experiences in India: "One hot season, when Madras lay gasping for breath, there were no cooling drinks to be had—the ice-ship from Boston to Madras had not arrived. The *Alabama* was known to be out, and to her account the fact of the ice-ship's being missing was at once laid. The Southern cause had many supporters among us at the time, but this supposed interference with our thirst by the celebrated Confederate cruiser was a thing which had not been reckoned with when the balance between the rival combatants had been struck in our community. Had not our mess rights, just as pressing to us as those of Alabama or the Carolinas to the Southerners, been violated in this matter? So, for a time at least, there was pause in debate among us, until one day the ice-ship was seen in the offing, and the Federal cause went down again to zero like the temperature in our tumblers."

Having written of those matters which enlist the interest of the general reader, we have little space to write of the crisis of his career which came in 1899, involving his resignation of the command in South Africa. As his statement of this matter is, of course, *ex parte,* though he quotes from the records, and as all the facts necessary to a conclusion may not be at hand, we can only deal with the subject with a great deal of reserve. He had had an intense realization of the rights and wrongs of the peoples who have from time to time come in touch with the edges of the British Empire and gradually come under its sway. The Uitlander question had become acute in 1899. The government at London, acting through the War and Colonial Offices, seemed unable or unwilling to understand the situation as he knew it. He believed that the Boers had assumed their stolid attitude because the actions of the English had made them profoundly suspicious. He thought that if this impression could be removed by a policy of conciliation, the status of the Uitlanders could be fixed upon reasonable terms. The alternative was the "forward" policy. Of this Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, was the champion. This policy was the heart's desire of the commercial element, of which Mr. Rhodes, the Chartered Company, and the owners of the diamond and gold mines were the principal exponents. General Butler heartily despised the rank and file of this commercial crusade. Their headquarters were at Johannesberg and in the Stock Exchange in London. No words could express his contempt for them, and of Johannesberg, after a visit, he writes:

"One did not observe outward rowdyism or intemperance, but the more fashionable forms of gambling and immorality were everywhere to be seen.

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Liquor bars served by cosmopolitan ladies with straw-colored hair were to be seen at every corner; the Stock Exchange had four of these establishments contiguous to it. There were clubs, betting dens, brokers' offices everywhere."

It had been described by a Cape politician as "Monte Carlo superimposed upon Sodom and Gomorrah"; and another had defined it as "the central sin spot of civilization."

The forward policy—the policy of the "strong arm"—if it must be pursued, involved military dispositions. Butler had seven thousand men. It was suggested to him that with these he should throw a "ring" around the Republics, which would "steady" the Boers and bring them to a better frame of mind. He knew that the means at his command were entirely inadequate, and that the attempt to do it would spell disaster. He refused to make the attempt unless he got orders explicitly requiring it. Meantime, things went from bad to worse; the policies of the War and Colonial Offices became to him inexplicable—a dual contradiction; everything tended to make war inevitable and nothing was done to make it successful. He believed that "a war between the white races coming as a sequel to the Jamieson Raid would be the greatest calamity that ever occurred in South Africa." Co-operation between him and the High Commissioner became impossible. The latter's attitude toward him was expressed in an interview when he said: "It can never be said, Sir William Butler, that *you* precipitated a conflict with the Dutch"; to which he replied, "I understand your meaning, there can be no further use in my continuing the interview." To put it briefly and fairly, Sir William's opinions in the judgment of the Home Government disqualified him for the duties which they expected of the chief of the military forces in South Africa. He realized that his position had become untenable, and sent in his resignation, which was accepted.

A few days later he left the Cape.

His daughter tells us that when he returned to England he became the "best abused man" in the country, and when the British arms met their initial reverses, those disasters were ascribed to him. However, time and the record set all things even, and he did not have to die in order to be vindicated. He was placed in command at Aldershot.

When the fortunes of the British army were at the lowest, he offered to go out and serve in any capacity, but was not allowed to do so. Later he received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath and was made a member of the Privy Council of Ireland. He sleeps near his birthplace in the Green Isle.

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